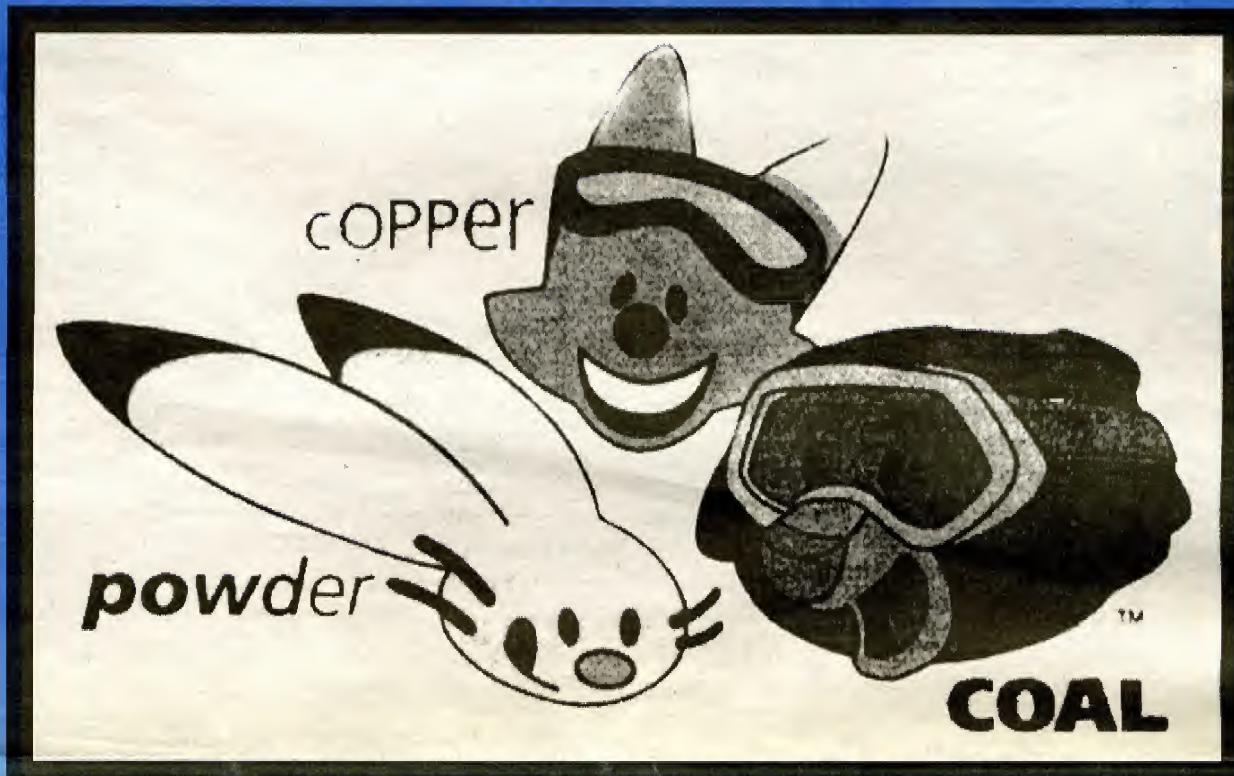




SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

TOP TEN ALTERNATIVE NAMES For THE 2002 OLYMPIC MASCOTS



1. MONOGAMY, BIGAMY, POLYGAMY
2. DONNY, MARIE, JIMMY
3. ENID, GREENE, WALDHOLTZ
4. PIERCE, TATTOO, DYE
5. MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, MASSACRE
6. COLD, FUSION, REACTION
7. THREE, TWO, BEER
8. HATCH, COOK, CANNON
9. L, D, S
10. SALT, CITY, CD'S



SALT CITY CD'S
the music experience

873 East 900 South, Salt Lake City, Utah

PROUD NOT TO BE SPONSORS OF THE 2002 WINTER OLYMPICS

ZANE'S
BONUS!
EAT,
MY,
SHORTS



SLUG

OCTOBER 1999

VOLUME 11 • ISSUE 10 • #130

Publishers

SAFARI TRACKERS INC.

Crystal Powell / Gianni Ellefson

Opinionated Prick / Editor

Gianni Ellefson

Managing Editor

Angela H. Brown

Production Manager

Matt Sartwell

Distribution

Mike Harrelson / Darren

Hutchison / Jeremy Wilkens

Webmaster/Photoshop God

Mark Ross / Marker Net

Design & Layout

MGgraphics

Underpaid Writers

Royce Jacobs • Mr. Pink • Aimee

Baxter • John Forgach • Scott Farley

J.J. Coombs • Randy Harward

Tom Schulte • Jeb Branin • Ray M.

Monyka Kelly • Juli Pachuli • Phil Jacobsen

Todd Medley • Danny Boren

George St. John • Dean

Jeremy Cardenas • Dayvid

Our Thanks to...

OUR LAWYER, J. Garry MacAllister. SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by freelance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of SLUG. We are NOT legally responsible for our writers or advertisers. All

Material © by SLUG Magazine 1999.

Unauthorized duplication or reproduction without written consent is a violation of applicable laws. That means you can't copy shit out of this magazine!

SLUG IS PRINTED BY THE
5TH OF EACH MONTH,
THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH
MONTH...CAPEESHI!

Call us at...
801.487.9221
fax us at...
801.487.1359

email us at...

dicks@slugmag.com

visit our website at...

www.slugmag.com

write to our

NEW ADDRESS!...

2225 South 500 East
Suite 206 S.L.C.
Utah 84106



To SLUG,

I was paging through the latest Punk Planet zine from Chicago and I came across an ad for a back issue of your mag that I would really like to have. I'm sorry to say that I don't really have any money to send you because I'm in prison. But I would really enjoy issue #125 with Jello Biafra and Mike Ness. So if you could send me that issue, I would greatly appreciate it.

—B. DePaoli
#325008

Racine Correctional Institution

Dear Dickies,

My son took your brilliant magazine to school with him on "Free Speech Day" and read a column called "Serial Killer of the Month" in front of his 8th grade classmates and teacher. When I took off early from work to go retrieve my suspended son from school I was given the article in question by his teacher. After a cursory look at your so called "magazine," I saw

many more words and pictures inside that were obviously put there for no other reason than to offend people with common decency. It's hard enough raising a child when bands like "Korn" and shows like "The Man Show" control the TV. When my 12 year old asks me why real boobs are better, what am I supposed to tell him?

—Ed Snowden

Ed: The truth! Fake boobs feel funny.

Dear Dickheads,

I really don't look at your mag very often but whenever I do it seems like some black comedy in journalism. Mispellings, the rampant use of the F-word and even more irritating, there is no content I'd dream of showing any of my kids because they always seem to involve slaying, spankings or bad grammar. All very disturbing to a young parent, as I'm sure you agree. Which is why I had to yank one from my kid's hand last Thursday after he started to yell "Fuck that!" at his mother.

Will there be a time when you (to use your terms) fucking clowns stop showing people's heads being blown off or writing like horny sailors in from Greece?

—Fred Rekrab

Ed: Yes, actually there will. Starting with this issue we have switched our focus from dismemberment and trashy language to making fun of junkies. See page 9. Now you feel pretty silly don't you?

Dear Dicks,

Is it just me, or is your magazine over run by sweaty beer drinking men who laugh when they fart and make fun of things that they can't comprehend. Like women for instance?

Your mag seems geared towards the 16 year old male, who has just recently realized that he has a penis. Instead of educating, you de-sensitize. Instead of literature, you print "titty jokes." I for one would like to see you reach higher than the toilet handle when searching for editorial content. And I'm sure that there are many more offended woman out there just like me.

—Mary S. Aleiver

Ed: No, you just hope that there are many more offended woman out there just like you. That way you can get together and whine about men instead of doing anything positive, like having orgasms. Check the masthead baby, do you think we would hire any guys named Angela, Aimee or ... well, you get the idea...

SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME... a letter from the editor

"More Completely Unrelated Events"

People who write like to tie things together with little anecdotes or re occurring sentences or stuff like that. This makes them feel like they are real writers. I am not one of those people. I find a much bigger challenge in not following themes used by the boring majority. Man, I'm cool.

Can I say something about "The Gap"? Shut the fuck up with "dress you up in my love," "mellow yellow," and that stupid Depeche Mode tune. Are you in an idiot contest with Old Navy? OK, You win!

VOTE VOTE VOTE!!

You should get out and vote. You should get out and vote for Scott Farley for Mayor. It is important for you to know that when you write him in, you have to write in "Scott Farley," not just "Farley." OK, let's repeat that so you don't forget. "Scott Farley," not just "Farley." "Scott Farley," not just "Farley." "Scott Farley," not just "Farley."

He will be the best Mayor we have ever had. And he is one hell of a nice guy. And wicked smart as well. Even if he doesn't win, maybe some of the lying pricks who are running will take notice of the people who said no to the same old bullshit and wrote in "Scott Farley," not just "Farley" for Mayor.

Special thanks and a big kiss to my favorite writer who ran a story in City Weekly when it was setup BY US through the record company to run in SLUG. Don't worry asshole, shit rolls downhill. And you have some coming your way...

HEY CAMEL GIRL!! WHERE IS YOUR \$7 THAT YOU SCREWED US OUT OF AT SABBATHON?

Did you think we were kidding about continuing to print requests for your cover charge until you sent it in? Wait until we find out your name.

Are you ready for some football? This should piss some people off. Particularly those of you who hate sports because you're too damn busy pretending to read books you don't understand.

Denver... YOU SUCK! BAD! 0-4? Do you need any more proof that last year's Super Bowl teams had no business being there? Atlanta is 0-4 too!! Turn your trophy in. Give it back just like Milli Vanilli did. Please go 0-16. That is the only thing that will make me truly happy. We all know that you really are worthless, now show the world!

—The "Losers"
at Planet SLUG

The comments expressed in this magazine (particularly this article) are called OPINIONS and are therefore protected by a little thing called FREEDOM OF SPEECH!

you got something
to say?

dear
dickheads
2225 south
500 east
suite 206
s.l.c. utah 84106

write in
SCOTT
FARLEY
for
Mayor



This month's theme is "special effects." The number one reason why a thousand shitty movies get made because they have the tag "good special effects."

The Corrupter

This cop flick is your basic buddy cop flick, with rookie Mark Wahlberg assigned to the Asian Crime Unit under the reluctant tutelage of John Woo veteran Chow Yun-Fat. Fat is the type of cop who causes millions of dollars of damage to drop one bad guy. Guess what? In a stunning twist of originality, he doesn't particularly appreciate being teamed with a rookie. Oh yeah, Chinatown is under a gang war. Sound familiar? I don't think this plot has ever been done before, at least not that I can remember. Send me an email telling me why this movie was called the Corrupter (and have a good reason) and I will send you 5 bucks. That's right 5 bucks. The special effect here is bad guys running out of bullets after missing 200 shots at a guy standing 20 feet away, then tossing the now useless empty gun on the floor.

Hurly Burly

What does it mean? Confusion? Pseudo intellectual babble? Bad script! No biscuit! I love Kevin Spacey. I also loved his character in this weak movie. But this film is

based on a bad screenplay where all the characters talk more shit than they are capable of comprehending with their limited vocabulary. So, what you get is people saying things you don't believe they would (or could) ever say. Sorry, no sale.

The Matrix

The Matrix is... That is the question that permeates throughout this movie. The answer is more of a fantasy world sci-fi joyride than one man can explain in this short space. Even an incredibly gifted man such as myself. Very cool "special effects" and a very cool story. So cool in fact that the Keanu Reeves even passes the idiot actor test for the first time in his life.

Lawrence Fishburne as always is the king of badness. And he has these super cool sunglasses that seem to stay on his head with no visual means of support. I really did like this show even if I didn't relay that sentiment too well.

The Mummy

This movie has two really cool "special effects." The first "special effect" is horrible acting and the second "special effect" is complete and total stupidity. Release the soul of the ancient mummy only to save the world with the key to the really old magic book? Are you fucking kidding me? That's your ten million dollar Hollywood spectacle? Did you spend a lot of money on the giant fan that blew the sand around, or did you blow your wad on the little bugs that ran across the floor? Thanks for making such a piece of shit movie and destroying one of the great monster stories of all time. I want my money back. I got screwed.

The Confession

Alec Baldwin plays a lawyer. That means he is a smart alec. Ben Kingsley plays a guy who takes his son to the emergency room because he is sick. He is ignored and told to wait. Meanwhile, his son dies in his arms. A few days

later he shoots and kills the doctor, nurse and phone jockey that blew him off. So what's the problem. Innocent! Move on!

Idle Hands

This movie is a rip-off of several horror flicks. First and most obvious is The Hand. The "special effect" here is making a new movie out of different old movies. Pretty cool. I kind of did like the dead guys running around like decaying corpses though. Probably would have been a more "special effect" if I were stoned.

—Mr. Pink

Mr Pinks Brewvy Movie Trivia

Last months answer ...
They all drove a delivery truck.

"What was Billy Crystal's character's name in The Princess Bride?"

The First correct mailed or emailed response gets two FREE passes to Brewvies
Pink Trivia
2225 S. 500 E. #206
S.L.C. Utah 84106 pink@slugmag.com

DROPKICK MURPHYS

DROPKICK MURPHYS ON TOUR

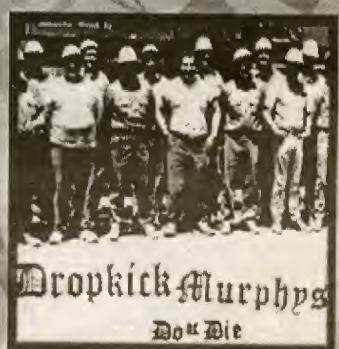
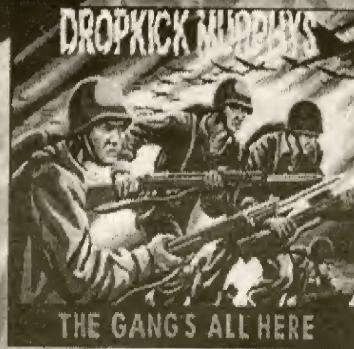
9/25/99	BIRCH HILL NIGHTCLUB
9/28/99	CROWBAR
9/29/99	CLUB LAGA
10/1/99	MAJESTIC THEATER
10/2/99	THE METRO
10/5/99	THE GALAXY
10/6/99	THE BOTTLENECK
10/7/99	OGDEN THEATRE
10/13/99	GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL
10/16/99	THE PALACE
10/19/99	NILE THEATRE
10/28/99	NATION
10/29/99	TROCADERO

Old Bridge	NJ
State College	PA
Pittsburgh	PA
Detroit	MI
Chicago	IL
St. Louis MO	
Lawrence	KS
Denver	CO
San Francisco	CA
Hollywood	CA
Mesa	AZ
Washington	DC
Philadelphia	PA

Live @ Bricks 10 / 8 99

a private club for members

www.hell-cat.com



INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

BY
E. BATES



Write-in Scott Farley For Mayor

The campaign has been subtle. Perhaps, too subtle. Up until now his message has been more of a whisper than a shout. Grassroots is the word for it, but in this case, perhaps too much grass and not enough roots. Nevertheless, it lives. The movement lives. Like a dark creature from an H.P. Lovecraft novel it has festered and grown. Isolated from the rest of the world until now. The only clues of its existence have been carefully concealed within the pages of this odd little alternative publication. Confusing advertisements promoting Farley for mayor. "What can it

mean?" You've undoubtedly asked yourself. "Who is this Farley character and why the hell would anyone want to be mayor?" Excellent questions to be sure.

The answer is simple, yet compelling. It is intriguing and maybe even a little bit dangerous. Plainly stated, Scott Farley is a bartender who wants to be the next mayor of Salt Lake City because he's mad as hell and he's not going to take it anymore.

Outrageous you say! "Even if I did vote, why the hell would I waste it on some angry bartender dude I don't even know?"

Once again, the answer is simple; Scott Farley is a bartender that you don't know rather than a lawyer that you don't know. After all, most politicians used to be, or still are lawyers. Which one do you think will shaft you first? Obviously, the bartender is the preferable situation. Besides, who do you think will do a better job serving you, a bartender or some politician? I thought so.

In addition, Scott Farley freely admits not knowing a damn thing about being mayor: A far cry from any of the other candidates who share his lack of mayoral experience but are too corrupted by the system to admit it. A matter of fact, those of us at the Farley for mayor campaign headquarters agree that it's a real selling point. Look at how poorly the one's who act like they know what they're doing have performed up to now. I mean, how bad could he really be compared to Dee Dee?

Which reminds me, Scott Farley has solicited and will solicit no money for this campaign. Scott Farley "just says no" to the dirty money the special interests groups use to curry favor with our elected officials. He has rejected the "soft money" offered by influential individuals looking for a scratch on the back

down the road from the mayor. He has stood up to the hated political action committees seeking to pervert his own perverted vision of Utah's future by bribing him into accepting their twisted agendas. Furthermore, he would never have the audacity to ask you, the overburdened taxpayer, to contribute one red cent to his campaign, unlike other Utah political candidates. But mostly it's because no one would give him any. Mostly.

In conclusion, if you believe in polygamist hunting permits and the right to view hard-core pornography, write-in Scott Farley. If you believe that Gayle Ruzicka should be sent into permanent Siberian exile stripped naked with only ten former Mormon bishop pedophiles from the Bluffdale Penitentiary for warmth and companionship, write-in a vote for Scott Farley. If you believe in the mandatory inebriation of Governor Leavitt, cops that smoke pot, electric cool-aid, and the right to have an Osmond family love-in at Temple Square, write-in your vote for Scott Farley for mayor. If not, just be sure to vote.

—H. Bates

THE
COUNTER
CULTURE
CONNECTION
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
1057 EAST 2100 SOUTH / 486.2505
4616 SOUTH 4000 WEST / 955.0944

ECHA BOB'S

666 SOUTH STATE 933.5449

- Oct. 6 After Eden**
- Oct. 7 Strangers with Candy & Champ**
- Oct. 10 Drum Circle Features**
- Oct. 13 Cobb & Chris Zeman**
- Oct. 14 Wormdrive**
- Oct. 20 Fistfull & Consolidators**
- Oct. 21 Tabula Rosa & Shiv**
- Oct. 27 Thithaurap**
- Oct. 28 Liquid Friction & Moon Family**

Oct. 30 HALLOWEEN BASH

**WITH PULSE AND DOWNGRADE BEST COSTUME \$50,
FREE CONDOMS TO FIRST 50 PEOPLE**

IS MY ASS MAKING
YOU HORNY?



a private club for members

"The punk crowd who wants to edit content in punk rock might as well be sitting in some big leather chair at Sony, scoffing at what's not "appropriate" between puffs on a big cigar."

— Lydia Dodge of ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET



SPAZZ/Crush, Kill, Destroy

Ahhh yes. As one of the highest profile bands in extreme hardcore all eyes (and ears) have been turned to SPAZZ for the release of their fourth full length CD titled, appropriately, "Crush, Kill, Destroy". Expectations are high because this album is in many ways a "State of the Scene" barometer, especially considering that 1999 is turning out to be THE year of extreme music. Needless to say SPAZZ doesn't disappoint. "Crush, Kill, Destroy" is the catapult that launches extreme hardcore in general, and power violence in particular, into Y2K and it does so with enough velocity to keep it going strong for the duration of the millennium. Taking lessons learned over the entirety of their career, SPAZZ have forged their sharpest and most overpowering release to date. They have combined the chaotic intensity of their early releases, the heavy handed crunch of their metal tinged mid-career sound and the superior song writing of the "La

Revancha" period. They have then striped down and streamlined everything, giving their sound a more thrash oriented flavor. Every song hits hard, fast, and savagely. Lyrically SPAZZ are more developed than on past releases, I especially enjoy the lyrics for "Let's Fucking Go" which extols the virtues of the word "Go" as hardcore iconography, "Now 50% More Pants Shitting" which denounces racist language in the scene and "Dwarf Goober Militia" which is instructions for writing your own SPAZZ lyrics. Other stellar moments lyrically can be found on "heynerdshovetheinternetcavypinganalcavity@dork.com" which rips into on-line only scenesters, "Hardcore Before Mark McCoy was Emo Semen" which gives highly deserved props to BCT tapes, and "Gary Monardo's Record Vault Shirt" which will hopefully turn a few more people onto the totally underrated and nearly forgotten masters of thrash metal ARTILLERY. The CD's

packaging is great and includes lots of pics, flyer pics, and a complete discography for everyone vainly trying to secure all forty five of their appearances on vinyl, tape and CD. You absolutely need to own this if you ever even dared to pretend you were into hardcore. (Slap A Ham POB 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843 or <http://www.wenet.net/~slapaham>)

LACK OF INTEREST/Trapped Inside

About 6 minutes shy of a million years after their formation the Southern Cal gods of thrash violence finally rip the entire universe a new one with their debut long player. It's about time guys. LACK OF INTEREST are the purest old school style thrash band embraced by the power violence scene. They are strongly reminiscent of early eighties hate core legends like NEGATIVE FX and NEGATIVE APPROACH. They have the same intensity, the same rawness, the same anger and the same classic vibe. "Trapped Inside" fea-

tures newly recorded songs that span most of the band's career including their calling card "My Life" which is THE thrash anthem of the nineties. There are 24 tracks on this puppy and a good half of them run less than thirty seconds (only three of them break the one minute barrier) consequently this album kills with a speed and power not unlike being strapped into an electric chair. This is the band and this is the album that you can cram down the throat of the next jaded old fart who tries to tell you that "punk is dead". (Slap A Ham Records POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 or <http://www.wenet.net/~slapaham>)

SPEAK SEVEN ONE FOUR/The Scum Also Rises

Dan O'Mahoney and crew are back with a 7" follow up to their debut LP and folks this is the type of hardcore that puts a huge smile on your face while it kicks you in the teeth. This is the way that hardcore felt during its huge surge in popularity in the late eighties. Thick, pummeling, aggressive and forceful are the adjectives that jump to mind while listening to this record but I gotta admit my thinking may be a bit fuzzy considering how hard this record is hitting me upside the head. O'Mahoney was the voice behind such stellar acts (and personal favorites) as NO FOR AN ANSWER and CARRY NATION and I expect nothing but brilliance from him each and every time out of the chute. With SPEAK 714 he delivers. (Revelation Records POB 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232 or <http://www.revhq.com>)

HELLNATION/Fucked Up Mess

May your deities of choice have mercy on your soul if you fail to pick up this little platter of hardcore extremes. HELLNATION have been a scene mainstay for just about ever and this is definitely the pinnacle of their noise making endeavors. "Fucked Up Mess" has all of the elements that have come to define HELLNATION's music but it is more gruff, thick and brash than anything they've done before. Every iota of thrash frenzy is intact to which they add a heavier wall of sound. It comes across as both more stripped

down and primitive yet definitely a leap forward. Lyrically the band continue to pull no punches unleashing their venom on a variety of sociological and political issues but this isn't deep quasi-intellectualism for dweebs this is middle-finger-in-the-air punk rock fury. HELLNATION recently returned from a blitzkrieg of Europe and one can only hope that someday they will choose to raze the U.S. as well. Rumor has it that the entire European set was recorded live in the studio in California with Chris Dodge of SPAZZ on bass. Keep your fingers crossed that this recording will someday see the light of day... (Sound Pollution POB 17742 Covington, KY 41017 or <http://home.fuse.net/soundpollution/>)

VOORHEES/13

VOORHEES have once again donned their hockey masks and are ready to have at you with a razor sharp ax. The latest piece of VOORHEES violence is simply titled "13" so what better way to rant about it than list 13 reasons why you need to own it? 1- VOORHEES are to thrash what King Kong is to monkeys. 2- It is called "13" because it has 13 songs, except for the CD which has bonus tracks so the new name of the album should be "16" 3- VOORHEES' music has been known to cause riots. 4- VOORHEES' music sounds like a riot. 5- "13" is more destructive than your average riot. 6- All your friends will hate it. 7- All your friends will be afraid of you because this music is way too intense for them. 8- The vocals are violent screams of rage. 9- VOORHEES have been around long enough that they are tight as hell. 10- VOORHEES are just as powerful when they are playing slow as when they are playing fast. 11- Most of the time they are playing fast. 12- The lyrics are more intelligent than you are. 13- This is better than the last album you bought... There you go... Bet you didn't think I could count to 13 did you? Yeah, well you also think you can live without this CD. Your, obviously, wrong on both counts. (Six Weeks 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

—Jeb Branin

indy spotlight

YEP ROC RECORDS



Much good music comes from the southeastern United States, and a hefty portion of it is purveyed by Yep Roc Records, based in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. A Redeye USA-distributed label, Yep Roc has a diverse roster of artists, covering rock and roll, pop, country, surf and rockabilly. Here's a little something on a few of their artists and where to go to pick up their stuff. Check out their website at www.redeyeusa.com

The Tonebenders

There must be something in the barbecue sauce down in Chapel Hill, because the same cool that permeates the music of fellow Chapel Hill residents Southern Culture on the Skids is present in the offerings of the Tonebenders. Their self-titled debut was released in 1998 and it's the type of album that always seems to weasel its way into your disc player when you really should be listening to one of the 100's of CDs you took from SLUG to review and haven't yet. Um...er... Lead singer, guitarist, and song-

writer James Pendergast is working' some real serious joo-joo. Sax player Steve Grothmann and trombonist, Fender Rhodes master David Wright can be heard in a new Yep Roc band, Countdown Quartet (and they also did time in Whiskeytown). Their self-titled debut will be released this fall.

Two Dollar Pistols

Honky tonk is the kind of country music that you get drunk just listening to. That said, Two Dollar Pistols must be shitfaced. ...Step Right Up is the title of their album and it's all about heartaches, hangovers, wine, and permanent wounds. Even if you're not sensitive to the tales of lost love, you are guaranteed a good cry anyway because it's so good.

Ronnie Dawson

Rockabilly scholars (oxymoron?) would agree that Ronnie Dawson is a pioneer in the genre. At sixty years of age, he's definitely one of the oldest active 'billy artists.

More Bad Habits is his new album and I can think of a few younger bands that could stand to study it.

Jennyanykind

After alt-country comes Jennyanykind. A band that just picks up their instruments and writes good songs that transcend genre. They touch on soul, country, blues, rock, pop...even flirt with bluegrass. As for the songs...they're priceless. Can't get 'em outta your head and you wouldn't want to. "Did You Notice" is a favorite from their 1998 album, *Big Johns*.

Los Straitjackets

Since when did Mexican wrestling masks become part of surf culture? Since Los Straitjackets said so, that's when. Their latest release is titled, *The Velvet Touch of Los Straitjackets* and it includes their touching rendition of Celine Dion's *Titanic* hit, *My Heart Will Go On*. It's good for yuks, but the "serious" surf intros are what make the album worth your dough. Also worth some of yer cash would be one of those masks, if you can find one.

The Garden Place



songs by our friends

The Garden Place

The Garden Place: Songs by Our Friends is a compilation that unites North Carolina Triangle bands against sexual assault and domestic violence. Proceeds from the album go to Family Violence and Rape Crisis Services and the Shelter for Victims of Sexual Assault and Domestic Violence. Contributing to the project are Ben Folds Five drummer Darren Jessee ("The Magic Holds the Sky Up from the Ground"), Bloodshot Records' Trailer Bride ("From the Rooftop"), Whiskeytown ("Me and My Ticket"), and thirteen others.

—Randy Harward

Satanic Surfers

NEW ALBUM
'GOING NOWHERE FAST'
OUT NOW

Satanic Surfers

THE SATANIC SURFERS EXPLOSIVE ENERGY AND
HEARTFELT MELODIES LEAVE YOU WANTING MORE.

get a free MP3 at www.emusic.com/music/free.html

Epitaph
BURNING HEART
www.ebitaph.com
www.burningheart.com

MUSICIANS: TAKE NOTE!

To the entire staff @ Counterpoint Studios,

We would just like to thank everyone of
you for your hospitality and graciousness!

Our recording experience was far above what
any of us could have expected thanks to
you! We will be back, and will recommend
Counterpoint to all the local bands in Portland.

Thanks again for everything!

Soular

BANDS:
Soular
Everclear
Fistfull
Jars of Clay
Gaslight District
Swing Gorillas
Higher Power
Bohemia
The Given
Jon Mcuen
Choice of Reign
Magstatic
Ken Critchfield
Andy Monaco
The Jackmormons
Blanche
Similar Opposition
Ineffect
Casa Diablo
Downgrade

MONUMENT

Album production
packages: Call us
to schedule a studio
tour and discuss
your project

Band Demo CD's

Available

(801) 463-2536
(800) 457-0858

2335 SOUTH
WEST TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH 84115
www.counterpointstudios.com



The roots of hardcore and punk are essentially the same; however, over the course of development of these two musical styles an imaginary boundary was formed with punk in one corner and hardcore in another.

As Roger Miret of Agnostic Front put it: "Hardcore is the aborted child of punk rock."

One of the progenitors of the New York hardcore scene in the early 80's was the band Agnostic Front. The live shows were incredible displays, and became the staple by which hardcore was judged. The unity of the New York scene was rivaled, and vilified by others in the D.C. and Boston areas, but eventually bands from all of these areas came together to play some of the best punk rock shows ever. I got the chance to talk to Miret, vocalist for Agnostic Front, and I thought it would be interesting to ask him about his take on the current state of affairs in the punk rock world.

SLUG: When I was younger there was a huge difference in the attitudes of people who attended punk rock shows.

The fun of having to go out and hunt for the music you like is gone. It's in your face, and at any major record chain near you. Do you sense a difference in the attitude of the people who attend your shows now, as opposed to when you started?

RM: Of course there is, I mean when we started it was more of a personal thing, just like you said you had to go and hunt for it, and there weren't a million bands doing it. So it was a lot more cool and personal. Now, it's a different generation, it's an MTV generation, and exposure to MTV has taken it out of the underground to a certain level. One thing that I'm thankful about is that our band has maintained that underground credibility. And we still always do a lot of underground stuff. It's what we like doing, I don't mean that there's anything wrong with it or the bands that are successful with the MTV stuff. It sometimes seems that it's not even really their fault that success comes their way. I mean what can you do if thousands, maybe millions of people like your music, you know?

SLUG: If you want exposure, you have to pay a price. It was interesting to see Civ on MTV, because I grew up believing that there was a certain ethic to being involved in punk rock music, and to me it kind of cheapens the experience to see it become part of pop culture.

RM: I know what you mean, exactly. I used to be so against that kind of stuff, you know, but it is a different generation, a different thing, and now it's cool if I buy a record and I

know what the band used to look like back then, you know. The exposure is so different and it makes it kind of cool in a way. I mean I'd rather watch MTV and a see Civ video than half of the other shit they play. You know?

SLUG: That's true, they beat the shit out of Marilyn Manson.

RM: In that respect, I'd rather put on MTV, and see a video by Rancid, Civ, or Green Day, whatever. I'd rather see that than Matchbox 20 (laughs), you know what I mean?

SLUG: I see your point.

RM: It's a catch-22 type of deal, you know?

SLUG: I see what you're saying. I think it's good to have anything but Matchbox 20 on the television.

RM: We've been doing this for so long without that kind of exposure. About 20 years, and it's good to be exposed to that new kind of level. It becomes so important (the music) I mean all of our lyrics, especially our lyrics, are important to us, and whether or not it's our band or somebody else's band it's great that there is a majority of people who can be exposed to it. It's not just an American thing anymore, now it's a worldwide thing, and that's great.

SLUG: Yeah, I've heard some great new international bands that have a definite American influence: 59 Time the Pain, Bombshell Rocks, they're really good bands, and it's a positive thing to get that kind of music out there.

RM: For that reason alone, it's good to get that kind of music out there.

not just a "record producer" he was different. He flew in here about three days prior to when we started recording, he had brought his guitar, and he just said, "You know what we're gonna rehearse." He had learned every one of those damn songs! And he fucking played with us, because he wanted to kind of understand our whole vibe, and know where our songs and we were coming from. Once he got that feeling, he was ready to produce. It was really cool, because he became like the fifth member. He knew where every one of us was coming from, it was cool. The job of the producer is to get the best performance possible out of the band, and he did that.

SLUG: Thanks for doing this interview, it was great talking to you, and I can't wait to see you guys pass through SLC.

RM: Hey, thanks for listening to our music, and I look forward to being there.

—Jeremy Cardenas

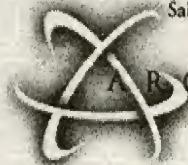


AGNOSTIC FRONT

I wanted to use the net to answer my questions about body piercing.

ArosNet showed me how.

ArosNet, Inc.
28 South 400 East
Salt Lake City, UT 84111



AROS-NET
(INTERNET SERVICES)
Get There.
(801) 532-2767

fax: (801) 531-9966
e-mail: info@aros.net
www.aros.net



SUBMIT TO

SLUG

AND YOU MIGHT GET
"PUNISHED" BY
BEING PUBLISHED

SLUG: On this new album, were there any difficulties in getting the 'Victim of Pain' era AF back together?

RM: Not really, it was probably the easiest thing we've ever done. We would always see each other at shows, and we've always hung out with each other, but we never thought about putting it back together, the only thing was that we did a few songs at the Madball shows and I started talking to Rob about it, Rob got Vinnie and Jimmy, and we walked into rehearsal and that was it. Not a problem at all, because we always see each other.

SLUG: I was reading that Lars Friedrichsen (Rancid) produced your new record, what was it like to work with him?

RM: Lars is an amazing producer, he really is a trip man, he's got so much crazy wound up energy, but he's very focused, and the cool thing about it is that he's

PICK OUT THE JUNKIE!

There are four members in the current Stone Temple Pilots line up. These Generation-X rockers have put out four albums in the 90s, not too shabby. However, their newest album will have the same touring problems that the last one did i.e. the tour won't happen for at least a year. Why? Because one of these fuckers is a goddamn junkie. That's why!

Anyway, here are this month's candidates for "Junkie." Two of the band's members — Dean (guitar) and Robert (bassist) Deleo — are brothers. The drummer is Eric Kretz and the lead singer is spiky haired Scott Weiland. Any guesses? Need some hints?

Okay, I don't want too make it too obvious, but the brothers are not in lockdown in Biscay Recovery Center at the Los Angeles County Jail, taking dance ticket requests from other horse hopping gaffers. At least, that's how I picture any L.A. funhouse that includes in its acronym an "RC" for recovery center.

Here's another clue, the brothers and Kretz were out playing a Hollywood club with the crossdressing stars

of that limp-wristed rock musical "Hedwig and The Angry Itch."

Maybe this is tougher for people than I thought, here's a good one: When asked about the junkie's problems in respects to the band, Robert Deleo said "It's the sort of thing now where we at least know where he is. I don't mean to be insensitive by that." Yeah well thanks fuckhead, maybe you should be writing "Pick Out the Junkie" instead of me.

For shit's sake, at least I'm not in the band you insensitive prick. True, this loser has been torturing you washed-up fuckers for six years now, but Christ, show a little compassion. He can't even take the issue up with you because he's locked-down in the housego. Robert you are a backstabbing pussy and it's pretty obvious that you're not the junkie. Sorry, you're gone.

No, this month's junkie is none other than the Robert Downey Jr. of rock, STP's singer Scott Weiland.

Congratulations Scotty boy, you're JUNKIE # !!!!

Stoned Temple Pilots?



A Whole Fistfull of Not-a-Goddamn-Thing

Okay, here's the scenario. Let's pretend we're in a local band, and this local band is getting quite popular in Salt Lake City. Let's call our band Fistfull for the sake of argument. Well, Fistfull has spent much time, money, and effort creating a new album of smash punk rock dance hits for the millennium. Fistfull is riding the tide of elation over finally finishing their first full length project, and is looking to book a local CD release party to celebrate. Let's clear this up first; Anytime Fistfull has a show there is a great response. The band has a rabid following of people, both male and female that would sell their souls and/or kill for the band. The issues of promotion and drawing a crowd are secondary to having a swank, upscale party to announce the bands' arrival into super stardom. I digress, Fistfull is formulating a plan.

They tell Lita, (lead singer) to try and find a large enough club to book their party. Lita calls a club, (we'll call this club Liquid Joe's for the sake of argument) and meets the stone wall that is their booking agent. This man is a marvel of sidestepping determination. He is a master of avoiding the issue of booking the party. He is indicative of most of the booking agents in town. As a matter of fact, he teaches a course on getting rid of unwanted bands at the local community college. After much cajoling by Lita he lets her know in no uncertain terms that: "Quite frankly, I've never heard of your band, and based on your style of music, there is no way I would give you a Saturday night." Lita is dumbfounded. She figured that with all of the local press and promotion that the band has received in the past few months that there was no way someone could avoid the band, much less not know the great word of mouth that their shows have received. The trouble, it seems, is that the booking agent only recognizes the heart stopping music of the Disco Drippers, or the 'post-alternative' sounds of the Grunge Guys, because both of these bands are booked regularly at Liquid Joe's.

My point? Greed motivates. So, if you want to see your favorite new local act at Liquid Joe's, TELL THEM. Let them know in no uncertain terms that you are fucking sick to death of disco, alternative, and any of that other unoriginal crap that passes as music at their club. Force booking agents to actually have to pay attention to what's going on across the musical spectrum in Salt Lake, not just what is easiest to draw a crowd. Support Local Music! I can almost guarantee you that there is a band or a musician right here in Salt Lake City that is playing something you enjoy, so fucking do something about it, and catch a show.

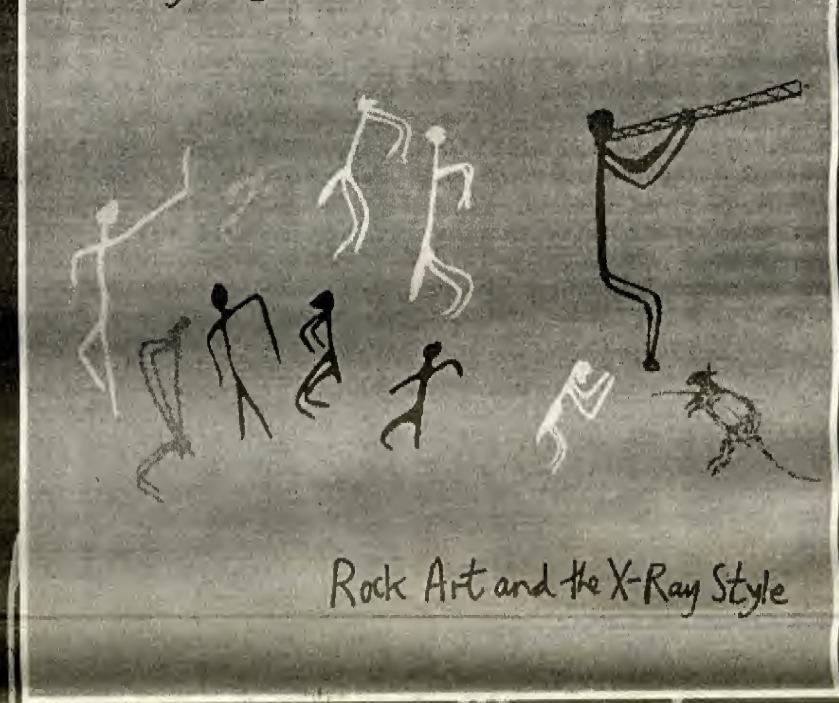
Fistfull decided to go with Burt's Tiki Lounge, where they have the balls to book diverse acts. Burt's has given many a local band a fair shake in the music game. Ethically, Burt's is the best bar in town to deal with. They are fair in payment, and in booking practices. The bar is run by a musician, go figure.

—By Jeremy Cardenas

... and not always the opinions of the SLUG staff.

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros



Rock Art and the X-Ray Style

"THIRTEEN
YEARS AFTER
THE ORIGINAL
CLASH DISBANDED,
STRUMMER IS
STILL GIVING ROCK
A KICK IN ITS
COMPLACENT
PANTS."

-ROLLING STONE



www.hell-cat.com

SLUG Magazine

page 9

OUTSIGHT

Outsight brings to light non-mainstream music, film, books, art, ideas and opinions. Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991. The Outsight web site is <http://www.detroitmusic.com/outsight>. Email Outsight at outsight@usa.net.

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND

The Second Strings Project is a campaign started by singer-songwriter Darryl Purpose and activist Kevin Deame. The two met at the late '80's cross-country trek the Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament. The March continued in the Soviet Union a year after it began. Purpose brought with him guitars to play on during that March. He ended up leaving them with talented musicians he met for whom proper guitars were unavailable. In El Salvador, he met musicians that replaced the nut of a worn guitar (where the strings are gathered to reach the pegs) with a pencil piece carved with notches. As a result of this and other travels, Deame and Purpose decided to collect used guitar strings for redistribution to musicians that cannot get any guitar strings at all. The Second Strings Project is reachable through Tangible Records at 516-409-5433 or be e-mail at strings@tangible-music.com. Darryl Purpose also has a new album out, "Travelers' Code" (Tangible Music). Purpose was a classical guitar major in college. When wrist problems forced him to drop out, he went to Las Vegas and became one of the world's most skillful professional blackjack players. His name and image are notorious to casino owners across continents. When recognized, Darryl was kicked out of casinos in cities all over the globe. "And you know, I can't help it; I take it personally every time," he confesses. You to will take it

personally, Darryl's music, that is. Purpose combines the touch Americana balladeering of Dave Van Ronck ("Last Great Kiss of the 20th Century") and the similarly macho-folk approach of Ed Hammell (Hammell on Trial) on Ed's more relaxed numbers. Good acoustic music is not all about sing-alongs and hippie nostalgia. Purpose is an eminently talented song crafter mining his life's experience for poetry and metaphor. Guest appearances on this album include Ellis Paul (harmony vocals on "Child of Hearts") and a duet with Lucy Kaplansky on the moving and sad "Ring on my Hand." This album is also rich in instrumentation. Viola, violin, Hammond organ, ukulele and more are heard with many supporting vocalists.

VIDEO

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Kino on Video recently released three exploitation flicks as part of its "Forbidden Fruit: the Golden Age of Exploitation Film" series. These films are "Narcotic" and "Maniac," both from the twisted mind of Dwain Esper, and the ever-classic "Reefer Madness." Plucked from the 30's and 40's when prostitution, suicide, childbirth, true crime and, of course, drug addiction were ballyhooed for all they were worth, these films represent an era of over-marketing, thin content and hilarious lengths of crude typification and stylization. Yes, these are true midnight classics. Their three-pronged approach of laughable demonstrations, poor acting and infomercial-style narration guarantees them cult status. The Esper style is pure shock value. In the descent into madness that is "Narcotic," a hilarious rendition of a Chinese is a guide into a land of opium dens that is suddenly interrupted to shock the viewer with a Cesarean birth, car wrecks and fighting snakes. The other Esper B-Classic is

"Maniac." Including naked breast and necrophilia, this flick is loosely based on Poe's "The Black Cat." Literally and figuratively strewn with cat fights, the film is a tour de force that romps through every identifiable mental imbalance and seeks to find a sexual expression for it. Not surprisingly, this film was simple retitled as "Sex Maniac" and later sold as a sex film. Taking on the midnight flicks often mantle of education, "Reefer Madness" purports to warn of drug's dangers when it only pandered to a morbid curiosity and reactionary paranoia. Reefer smoke unites together jazz and insanity in this broad-stroked vision of drug culture. There is a CD-ROM to accompany this series, which is produced by Bret Wood and Felicia Feaster. The pair also authored the book "Forbidden Fruit: the Golden Age of Exploitation Film" (Midnight Marquise Press, Inc.). The book is packed with stills and covers numerous midnight classics with both enthusiasm and scholarship.

LADEN VIDEOS

Musikladen was a televised German monthly music show originally known as Beat Club. Many star groups of the '50's, '60's and '70's participated. Music Video Distributors, Inc. (POB 280, Oaks, PA, 19456) is now presenting a Musikladen Series of selected concerts on VHS. The series includes performances by Kool & The Gang, Procol Harum, Hall & Oates and more. My personal favorites, so far, are Black Sabbath and Ike & Tina Turner. On

Black Sabbath, as with all these videos, the 1970 filming is replete in period special effects. Psychedelic bleeds and fades morph the Sabbath as they rock out in front of a creepy diorama. This twenty-minute video includes "Black Sabbath," "Iron Man," "Paranoid," and Ozzy mumbling his way through, get ready for this, "Blue Suede Shoes." Ike & Tina get a full dose of the kaleidoscopic, hall of mirrors effect. Tina also has some disco-boy dancers for these period 1971 and 1974 recordings. Often wearing barely enough material to pad a crutch and bearing a developing voice that became a pop rock signature, Tina was at this time a talented singer-dancer at the center of Ike's outfit. This half-hour video includes "Get Back," "Higher," "Honky Tonk Woman," "River Deep Mountain High," "Proud Mary," "Natbush City Limits," "Delilah's Power" and from her role in Tommy that elevated her status, "Acid Queen."

ZINES

Down-Wind from the Bloodhounds #2

3 Sunbourne Ct, Alfreton Rd, Nottingham, NG7 4AR, United Kingdom
Thedeadshallarise@hotmail.com

Editor Mark traveled to the States; San Francisco, Boston, etc. He visited America from a street-level and reports his findings in the pages of this zine. The result is that I am now convinced freaks populate America and that the most basic elements of our culture are TV and beer. Mark also reports the results of his e-mail survey on the meaning of "punk." So goes this personal zine ("perzine") that includes Mark's punk-influence thoughts and reviews of such shows as Electric Frankenstein in San Francisco.

Fuse

POB 713, Jasper, GA 30143

Fuse is a magazine dedicated to "exploring the fusion of musical elements." Fuse is for the musician serious about finding a place in the modern prog-rock arena. The writing staff is packed with multi-instrumentalists, engineers and composers. The newsprint magazine is full of interviews, in-depth reviews and technical columns dedicated to individual instruments. Past issues featured Dream Theater, Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp and Chick Corea. This issue focusses on Scott Henderson's fusion group Tribal Tech and guitarist Jennifer Batten (Jeff Beck). Staff writer R. Chris Murphy, a mixer that often worked with King Crimson, talks plainly about studio techniques.

Bittersweet #4

Katherine Everhart, 5D Golf Street, Asheville NC, 28801
Modestk@aol.com

Katherine explores her emotions and the tribulations of men in articles and poetry. Some girlfriends help out and contribute similar material. Then, along comes Jason Bugg. He is in a punk band (Asheville's Rayford) and he gets interviews. Later he contributes a couple of pages of reviews on punk-leaning bands. Katherine closes out the lit-

tle digest with a few zine reviews.

Salt for Slugs, Spring 1999
 POB 50388, Austin TX, 78763
<http://www.saltforslug.com>
sfs1@flash.net

Salt for Slugs identifies itself as "contemporary literature for the random reader." One of the best interviews out there is in this issue. An old hippie named White Rabbit tells his recollections of the Haight-Ashbury lifestyle at its late '60's heyday. Numerous footnotes comment on the White Rabbit's memory. In another article, writer Boaz Dror cruises the aisles of vids for rent to come up with recommendations for porn (e.g., "Thundercrack") and horror (e.g., "The Wicker Man").

Impllosion #10
 1921 E. Colonial Dr, Orlando, FL 32803
<http://www.impllosion-mag.com>

Impllosion calls itself "a journal of the bizarre and eccentric" casting its net out to catch the extreme elements of fashion, fiction and more. This issue has the lofty goal of profiling the Ten Most Eccentric Personalities. Their list includes such personalities as Ben Stein, "Weird Al" Yankovich and Salvador Dali. Extreme. As for extreme music, Psychotica and Nashville Pussy both get articles. Probably the most interesting article looks at "Crime, Hookers and Adventure" in the island of Madagascar. No you know what to do on Spring Break.

REVIEWS

Alison Krauss

Forget About It / Rounder

"It Wouldn't Have Made any Difference." "Never Got off the Ground." "It Don't Matter Now." "Empty Hearts." The titles on Alison Krauss' album tell a tale of sadness, loss and shattered love. Thanx to studio multi-tracking, Alison is often able to harmonize with herself on this largely vocal album. The normally rich instrumentation, while not absent, moves to the background, for this the most intimate and personal of Krauss solo albums. While Alison gives us a guided tour of a broken heart, she treats us to excellent musicianship. This album boasts Jerry Douglas (Dobro), Sam Bush (mandolin), Viktor Krauss (acoustic bass) and more. "Forget About It" is a bluegrass-based album that strays into pop on "It Wouldn't Have Made any Difference," etc. for a highly accessible, entirely unforgettable and exquisitely poignant listening experience. (4)

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire
Oh! The Grandeur
 Rykodisc

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire is an innovative, nostalgic group named after and built around its dynamic vocalist and violinist. Dipping into the wealthy vein of such pre-WWII artists as Louis "Satchmo" Jordan, Lester Young and more, the Bowl of Fire cooks up a hot blend of hot jazz, rag time

and jitterbugging. Recorded around a single microphone, "Oh! The Grandeur" packs a fiery wallop on such numbers as "Candyshop" and smolders brightly on such slow-burners as "Wait." Classically trained, Andrew Bird brings top-notch technique (displayed, again, on "Wait") to a joyous appreciation of traditional American music. Brightening the diabolical wizardry displayed by Bird, is Tres guitar from Colin Bunn. (4.5)

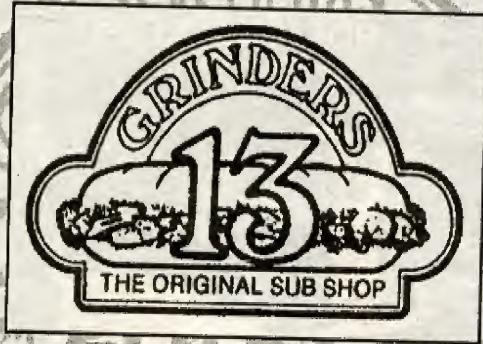
Beth Custer

In the Broken Fields Where I Lie

BC Records

Mostly known as a clarinetist, Multi-instrumentalist composer Beth Custer operates out of San Francisco's Bay Area. From this location she worked with Club Foot Orchestra, Clarinet Thing, Joe Goode Performance Group, beside producing soundtrack music and a contemporary Hamlet production. This compendium collects work from these projects. Still, there are some other fascinating groups absent from this compendium featuring Custer's playing. Most notably among these is Eighty Mile Beach and Trance Mission. The woman that deserves a box set is seeing her talent and invention crammed onto a single CD. Often choosing the bass clarinet, Custer suggests a whimsical, slow ragtime in her loose, rolling style. Custer's ability on piano, organ, keyboard and more is also displayed here. Clarinet Thing is a clarinet quintet. Clarinet Thing contributes "Echoes of Harlem," an Ellington medley. The group includes Tom Waits as Ralph Carney and John Zorn as Ben Goldberg in its membership. (4.5)

"The Best Subs in the State"



Two Locations

1618 South State 2125 South 3200 West
 467.3676 973.6489

SLUG Magazine

opinions expressed in SLUG are the opinions of the writers . . .

Jimmy "T99" Nelson
Rockin' and Shoutin' The Blues
Bullseye Blues and Jazz

Earty and proud, Jimmy "T99" Nelson's blues is a sax-backed, boastful and commanding performance. His five-decade career brings him to this Bullseye release as one of the last, great blues shouters. Rich Lataille and Doug James from Roomful of Blues with "Sax" Gordon Beadle provide the horns for this legendary vocalist in the tradition of Big Joe Turner. His foundation in proto-R&B jump blues make the master of the small ensemble swing sound ripe for renewed success. Indeed, Turner mentored Nelson personally, making Nelson a living, direct connection back to these moving, vintage sounds. (4)

Toshi Reagon
The Righteous Ones
Razor & Tie

Toshi Reagon is a soulful pop vocalist powerhouse. Broad strokes of gospel and funk give life to her dynamic music. Having left Sweet Honey in the Rock, the female vocal group founded twenty-five years ago by her mother, former Freedom Singer Bernice Johnson Reagon, Toshi is fueled and ready to launch an impressive solo career after quietly releasing two albums prior to this. Like Stevie Wonder, Prince or Led Zeppelin, Toshi provides a turbo-blues sound. Unlike those artists, though, Reagon main instrument and source of energy is a versatile and potent vocal delivery. Sometimes a hip, folk-leaning rocker and at other times a stunning blues siren, Reagon never relents and never lets down. (4)

Octant
Shock-no-Par
Up Records

The duo in Octant concocted simple machine for bolting onto a drum. These pre-programmed, remotely controlled mechanical creations then beat out a true "drum machine" rhythm. Live, these machines, which create their own analog audio harmonies, also put on a visual display of flashing lights. Along with the dancing creations the Octant pair sings and throws into the mix primitive, space funk keyboards. Mathew Steinke used to sing and perform with Mocket and Satisfact. Also in the group is Tassany Zimmerman.

Besides being indie musicians, these two are indie filmmakers and two of their independent productions are included on this enhanced CD. (3)

Nick Simper's Fandango
Slipstreaming / Future Times
Angel Air Records

In between the two waves of British Heavy Metal, Nick Simper, former bass player of early Deep Purple for the first three albums, but out two legendary hard rock albums with his band, Fandango. This release collects those albums and four bonus tracks on two CDs. Simper spent the early '60's touring in British R&B bands. This lent a power blues approach to his bass playing that shows up especially on ballads like "I'll Never Get Over You." Before that, he laid down tracks with England's rock originator, Johnny Kidd. The Fandango sound is very much like Bad Company thanks especially to the vocals of Jim Proops. 1979 and 1980, the years of release for these albums, were slim years for arena rock bands. Like many others, Fandango withered on the vine. Still, these classic slabs of riff rock deserve placement among the best heavy rock albums of the period. (3.5)

Lyle Lovett
Live in Texas
Curb/MCA

Twenty-five people come together to constitute Lyle Lovett's Large Band. For three days they performed in Austin and San Antonio in Texas and this fourteen-track compilation is material compiled from these shows. This is the first live album for Lovett, who has had a recording career spanning thirteen years and eight albums. This is also only the second album recorded with The Large Band. The first was "Lyle Lovett and His Large Band." The vocal group contained within The Large Band, including Sweet Pea Atkinson and R&B powerhouse Francine Reed, adds impact to such large ensemble pieces as "That's Right (You're Not From Texas)." But this album really seeks to document the breadth of Lovett's career. As such, his intimate, personal balladry comes across in "Nobody Knows Me." (4.5)

Philharmonie
Le dernier Mot (The last Word) / Cuneiform

The trio Philharmonie formed in 1987 as a guitar trio around guitarist Frederic L'Epee, leader of the '70's French prog-rock outfit Shylock. Still a trio, but now including drummer Volodia Brice, the group makes unforgettable and beautiful guitar-based art-rock. The sound is much in the vein of Adrian Belew-era King Crimson. With L'Epee is co-founder Bernard Ros. Ros plays the twelve-string Warr guitar. This is the high-end touch-style guitar designed for tapping with two hands simultaneously. The instrument consists of bass and guitar on one neck. Trey Gunn (King Crimson, The Trey Gunn Band) has been playing the eight-string variety in recent live incarnations of King Crimson side project Project Two. The trio focusses on the two, avant-garde guitarist creating elaborate ostinato and sonic constructions of byzantine counterpoint. Much of this material could be described as pocket-symphonic poems for modern guitar trio. (4)

Cul De Sac

Crashes to Light, Minutes to Fall

Thirsty Ear

Cul De Sac is post-rock. This raises a valid question. Exactly what is post-rock? Well, musicians not willing to continue with staid rock tradition of verse, choruses, bridges and solos look over the tools of the trade, - the classic rock combo arrangement, - and try to do something interesting. We try to decide if it is musically valid. Almost everything experimental is interesting first. The validity comes in if it is interesting enough that we want to hear it again. Cul De Sac has synthesizers, guitars, bass and drums. They could sound like Deep Purple

with this instrumentation, but instead they offer organic compositions with little repetition, much like 70s art-rock bands ELP, Gentle Giant and even King Crimson. Inspired largely by John Fahey, the acoustic guitar in unusual and exotic tunings figures largely into the Cul De Sac sound. The result is progressive space rock in orbit over an eastern desert. And yes, "Crashes to Light, Minutes to Fall" does draw me back to listen again and again. (3.5)

High Rise

Live / Squealer Revisited

This is the fourth album Squealer reissued, continuing to make the previously scarce High Rise titles available stateside. High Rise combines the frantic, awe-inspiring proto-thrash energy of Blue Cheer and Mudhoney with the power blues stylings of other noted trios as Cream and The Experience (Jimi Hendrix). While High Rise may not boast the virtuoso instrumentalists that Cream and The Experience did, the group still offers the same dynamism and explosive energy. These fuzzed-out jams careen on the edge of total dissolution. High Rise delivers rock that teeters on the edge of calamity. Bassist/singer Arahito Nanjo's vocals immerse in the distortion. The screaming guitar leads and thundering drums combine to make this the most decadent live rock freak out since the Pink Fairies' "Live at the Roundhouse." High Rise's formula of excess is only parody and posturing in the hands of mere mortal musicians. (3.5)

Melvins

The Bootlicker

Ipecac

As punk and hardcore music ignored the melodic possibilities of the guitar, so has much electronica similarly slighted keyboard. Here Melvins takes rock trio combo and applies a reductionist philosophy toward creating the slow, beat music of ambient techno. Under this album's quiet, wallflower demeanor lurks a possessed, brooding spirit. On the end of "Toy" this beast threatens to break captivity, and actually does once later in the album "The Bootlicker," with its vocals more whispered and chanted than sung, is post-metal, post-techno, after-hours music for coming down with the unique and unreplaceable texture of guitars and drums. (4.5)

The Comedian Harmonists/st

Hannibal

This vocal septet formed in 1928 following a 1928 ad in a Berlin show-biz magazine. While loosely based on the idea put forward by America's The Revellers, this group includes a greater dynamism and subtlety in delivery. Supporting four melodic tenors is a baritone and a bass and a pianist. This Weimar group is exuberant and masterful in their German delivery of American jazz songs, show tunes and popular pieces. The ease of delivery on these pieces belies a dizzying complexity and display of vocal virtuosity. Vocalists and music enthusiasts from Barry Manilow to rock critic Lester

Bangs have worshipped at the altar of The Comedian Harmonists. This collection, the first in a series from Hannibal includes Cole Porter's "Night and Day" (one of the few pieces sung in English) and a stunning cover of Duke Ellington's "Creole Love Call" where the peerless Harmonists imitate the horn section a cappella. (5)

Rahsaan Roland Kirk

Left Hook, Right Cross

32 Jazz

"Left Hook, Right Cross" is a 2-CD pairing of the Roland Kirk albums "Volunteered Slavery" and "Blacknuss." Each disc represents one of the albums in its entirety. A slipcover with artwork from both albums covers the set. It is natural to place these albums together, because on each Kirk has great fun deconstructing and reinventing pop themes. "Volunteered Slavery" is a collage of July 1969 studio sessions and Kirk's appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival a year previous. Jimmy Hopps handles kit drumming on the live portion and Sonny Brown and Charles Crosby split this duty in the studio. The rest of the lineup is consistent: Charles McGhee (trumpet), Dick Griffin (trombone), Ron Burton (piano), and Vernon Martin (bass). Kirk has buoyant enthusiasm that bubbles forth as comical vocal accompaniments as on "My Cherie Amour." Strong tracks, though, are here. One salient feature is the background vocals from The Roland Spirit Choir. This is their debut. They appear on the title track and (thankfully) nearly drowning out Kirk's vocals on "Search for the Reason Why." However, Kirk's mastery of many instruments is plain, as can be heard on the "A Tribute to John Coltrane" medley. "Blacknuss" is more Kirk alchemy, this time with three guitarist, three percussionists and Mickey Tucker on organ. Particularly energetic here is the Marvin Gaye medley and some classic word-bop preaching launches in "Old Rugged Cross." Whether the reasons for the prevalence of pop music covers on these albums ("Ain't No Sunshine" and "My Girl" also appear on "Blacknuss"), Kirk has such fun recreating these works as frantic, free-form adventures that albums stand as classics of jazz interpretation. (4)

Bicycle / Bicycle

Capricorn

Bicycle is lo-fi indie pop with urban nods to DJ Zero and MC 900-foot Jesus ("68"), melodic aspirations to The Beatles ("View of the Valley"). The eclectic and tongue-in-cheek mix is an enjoyable listen. Combining elements of modern rock, hip-hop and a self-effacing indie attitude, "Bicycle" has something for everyone. Bicycle is the work of musician Chris Ballew and producer Kurt Liebert. The introduction of samples, loops and three added musicians keep everything fresh and varied. There is a lot of similarity to Beck songwriting and production styles here. Says Kurt, "A lot of it comes from the time I spent in New York in the mid-to-late 80's playing places like the Chameleon Club. At that point, Beck was there also, and some nights we'd end up on the same open mic. I think we definitely share some influences. It's kind of the ironic sign of being a songwriter in the city . . . though I think Bicycle is heavier overall." With a laugh he adds, "Yeah, definitely a lot more heavy metal." (3)

"Don't be normal, be natural!"



WE DELIVER

THE BOMB



Sugarhouse
486.3748

Concert Previews

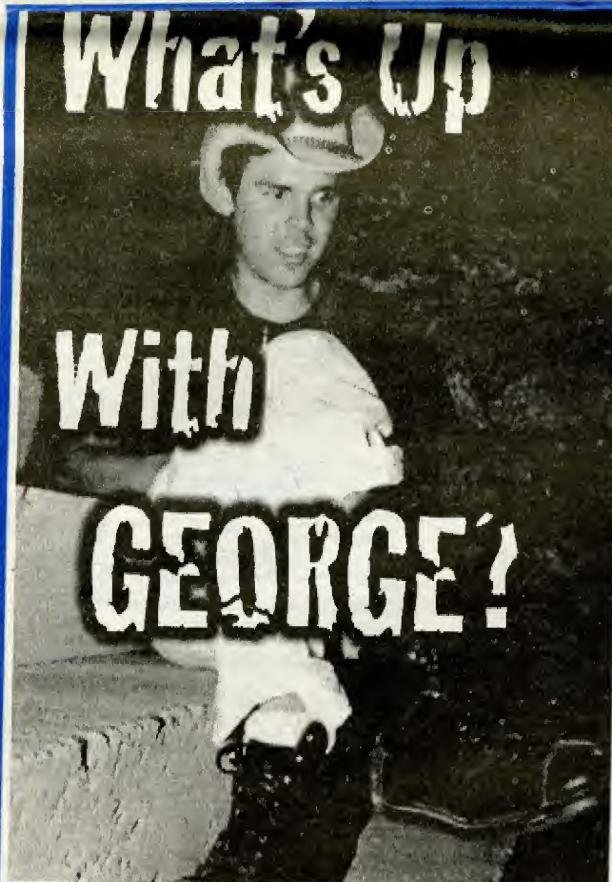
Ahhh-ctober. You know, a couple of weeks ago it looked like this month was going to suck. Now it doesn't look so bad. We begin with the Latin jam stylings of the **B-Side Players** at the Zephyr Club on Oct. 5th, with **Better than Ezra**, **Sixpence None the Richer** and **Jeremy Toback** at Club DV8 and

Ultimate Fakebook at Kilby Court as alternatives. Moving right along, let's give a shout-out (see how stupid, that sounds?) to **Vinyl** at the Zephyr (friends of Trey Parker and Matt Stone—they played the Lapdance Film Festival party last January in Park City), and **Watsonville Patio** at ABG's on Oct. 6th.

See **Alien Crime Syndicate** at the **Wrapsody** in Provo and **Willie and Lobo** at the Zephyr on Oct. 7th, then wake up the next morning and **PREPARE TO DIE!!** Oct. 8th has a Goth show for all our pasty white amigos. **Christian Death**, the **Skynyrd** of Goth bands, headlines a show with **Godhead** (go for them alone, Christ, what a live show!) and **Mortiis**. This all takes place where else? **Area 51**. **Anti-Flag** and **Dropkick Murphy's** are at Brick's that night and **Patty Larkin** folks it up at the U of U Fine Arts Auditorium.

Type O Negative has thirteen new ditties to depress and desensitize compiled under the cheery name *World Coming Down*. They'll be here to play them for you on Oct. 9th at DV8. To avoid suicidal thoughts, was a handful of Prozac down with some of that Kava Kava juice.

Now, I saved the best of tonight's two shows for last



In an attempt to keep up with the helter skelter life of our good friend george, we now bring you the george monthly update. What Up With George?

because it deals with a very hot, very sensitive issue. The Second Coming. I know there are those of you out there who think that at the stroke of midnight, Jesus Christ is going to cruise down from Heaven to

Bachman Turner Overdrive with a sixer of PBR and a babe on each arm, but that's just not right. Jesus is already back and he's been rehearsing with **Sugarpants**, everybody's favorite local punk trio. He decided to postpone the welcome home fiesta until he got his chops up. Tonight, (Oct. 9th for those not paying attention) the Lord will

grace the Ya Buts stage in the way we last saw him: on the tree. And sometime during the show I won't say when he's gonna hop down and take a solo. Yes, my little lambs, come see Jesus and Dan Morley cut heads on the geetar. It'll be just like the devil goin' down to Georgia. Elsewhere, another local band that must really like **Flesh for Lulu** and the **Jesus and Mary Chain**, will play the two thieves. Don't forget to play the Crown of Thorns ring toss!

Tori Amos is going to Dallas and back on her new tour supporting *To Venus and Back*. She finally graces SLC with her presence after touring all summer with **Alanis Morrisette** (ammonia and bleach?). She's at the E Center with **Jude** on Oct. 10th. Afterwards, you may like to head to the Zephyr to check out the Michael Aston version of **Gene Loves Jezebel**. Remember, this is not the Jay Aston version that records for Robison Records. You have been warned.

Got some emo for ya on Oct. 11th! It's **Promise Ring** with **Pele** at Club DV8. **Strangefolk** appears on the Zephyr stage on Oct. 12th and on Oct. 13th, it's **311** and it's always 4:20 wherever they are which in this case, is Club DV8. Sure to sell out. In case you want to see the bastard children of **Kiss** and **WCW** wrestling, **Insane Clown Posse**, they happen to be playing the Utah State Fairpark's Horticulture Building on Oct. 13th as well. Are you down with the clown? Sweet country melodies with **Suzy Bogguss** at the Zephyr or punk at Brick's with **Sick of it All**, **A.E.I.**, and **Hot Water Music** on Oct. 14th. Jim Brickman will attract Mormons like moths to a bugzapper on Oct. 15th and 16th at Abravanel Hall. . . Left Undone, also on the 15th and 16th, are at Oh Shucks and Ben Harper is at Abravanel Hall on the 17th.

Here is a mofo: **Gov't Mule** headlining a Zephyr gig with **Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons**. Two great bands that taste great together. (((((BUUUURP)))))) Kind of a peanut butter and green chile sandwich, this one, being that one is a jam band and the other is NOT. Happens on Oct. 18th. **Kevorkian Death Cycle** and **Society 1** are at **Area 51** and **Little Mike and the Tornadoes** are at the **Dead Goat** that night as well.

I'll be damned . . . more jam. **Widespread Panic**, touring on their new one, *'Til the Medicine Takes*, is at the E Center on Oct. 19th. . . not too far-fetched to assume that ol' Jerry will open that one, since **WSP** covers his song, "Climb to Safety" on *Medicine*. Disclaimer: Just because I make an assumption does not mean Jerry will play this show. Don't write me to complain that he wasn't there. If despite my admonitions to the contrary, you still have an itch to bitch, go see the **Genitorturers** at **Area 51** after the show and ask them how they came up with their name. They're bringing **Society 1** along for the ride. Far better Alternatives: **Agnostic Front** and **No**

Innocent Victim at DV8, or **Little Mike and the Tornadoes at Beatnik's**.

Hey, hey, hey . . . on Oct. 20th, the **Pietasters**, **Pilfers** and **Spring-Heeled Jack** are skankin' up DV8, the **Frantic Flattops** support their album *Rock and Roll Murder* at ABG's, and **George Winston** plays more of what Jim Brickman played last weekend at Abravanel Hall.

Kim Lenz and the Jaguars make rockabilly sexy at the **Dead Goat** on Oct. 21st, with **Runaway Truck Ramp** returning yet again to the Zephyr with their jamgrass. **Get Up Kids** is at DV8 on the Oct. 22nd.

Hey, it's life after **Sublime** with the **Long Beach Dub Allstars** on Oct. 23rd at the Fairpark Horticulture Building.



The new album, *Right Back*, isn't much of a departure from **Sublime**, but hey, if it ain't broke . . . Rumors of a **Steve Vai** show on Oct. 23rd abound, so remain vigilant shred fans.

GWAR returns for an encore presentation of the touching story of a broken tablet and a man called **Scroda Moon** on Oct. 25th and they've got the Danzig-less **Misfits** in tow. Wonder if **GWAR** knows what happened to the **Heavy Metal Shop** after their hugely successful in-store appearance last May. Seems to me a benefit show is in order . . . Then again, who could walk away from a **GWAR** show without benefiting in some small way? I mean, walking around town after being drenched with all manner of bodily fluids from Oderus Urungus' giant package is a better status symbol than cashmere garments. Go get their new album, *We Kill Everything* and play "Fishfuck" for your grandma.

A post-**GWAR** suggestion: **Karen Savoca**. She's one hell of a singer-songwriter. And I guarantee she won't bleed on you. She will make you laugh and weep, though Oct. 26th Zephyr.

Woo-hoo! **Kid Dynamite**, **Snapcase** and **Buried Alive** are at DV8 on Oct. 27th. Maybe they'll stick around to kick the **Backstreet Boys** off the Delta Center stage on Oct. 28th and 29th.

Speaking of the devil and **Miss Georgia**, the **Charlie Daniels Band** is at the Huntsman Center on Oct. 30th. I have to wonder what the show is like since Charlie's found Jesus. If I go and he prefaces his biggest song with a sermon on its meaning, I'm gonna puke. If you're reading this before you go on, Mr. Daniels, save Jesus for the saved. We heathens just wanna hear about Satan and long-haired, heavy drinkin' country girls. And don't wear the Jesus fish belt buckle.

The rest of the Oct. 30 shows: **Mighty Blue Kings**, **Liquid Joe's**, **Moody Blues**, E Center.

Hey, look! **Gene Loves Jezebel** (the Jay Aston version) is here on Halloween! They play with the **Mission U.K.** and the **Alarm's Mike Peters** as part of the **Resurrection Tour**, named for the former's new album. It's the 80's all over again. Club Axis. November!

John Prine on Nov. 1st at Abravanel Hall, **Godsmack**, **Reveille** and the **Jim Rose Circus Sideshow** (catch it now . . . it's your last chance!) at Saltair on Nov. 6th, **Queensryche** on Nov. 12th at the E Center, **Suicidal Tendencies** and the **Suicide Machines** (oooo . . . that's a clever pairing) at DV8 on Nov. 17th . . . **Kid Rock**, **Powerman 5000** and **Bolt Upright** at Saltair and **ZZ Top** with **Skynyrd** at the Delta Center on Nov. 19th.

—Randy Harward

Say or Sell
ANYTHING you want!!

SLUG

E-MAIL
ADS@SLUGMAG.COM
OR CALL 801.487.9221

CLASSIFIEDS

**BUMPER
STICKERS**
8 available colors on
white vinyl

500 for \$179

1,000 for \$239

MG graphics
487.8383

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BARBARA MITCHELL
AT DELUXXE MEDIA
(THE BEST PUBLICIST IN THE FREE WORLD)
—PLANET SLUG

**ALL KINDS OF
SINGLES...**

Free to Record, Browse &
Respond!!

801.736.2222

pub #265 (18+) Totally local

**Commission
SALESPERSON
Needed for
MG Graphics**
487.8383

**need a place to play?
call Michelle
@ The Health Center
463.1101**

**Scott FARLEY
FOR MAYOR**

BAD BUSINESS CARDS?

BAD BUSINESS!

MG graphics
487.8383

TANKS BY TODD

Fresh Water Aquarium
Sales & Maintenance
801.486.2243

Delivery Drivers needed

FREEWHEELER PIZZA

486.3748

**Hey punk, have Terrance D.H
record your band to a 24
track 2" analog studer tape
machine. Call 463-2536 and
leave me a message or email
runningrec@aol.com**

**HEY, YOU SHOULD LET
TERRANCE D.H RECORD YOUR
BAND AT COUNTERPOINT!
463-2536 or e-mail
runningrec@aol.com**

Screw Radio Internet Radio

www.screwsradio.com
www.hardcoreradio.com
sponsored by SST and Cruz Records
(www.sstsuperstore.com) free catalog:
SST Superstore 441 E. 4th St.
Long Beach CA 90802

**CD
MANUFACTURING**
Start to finish.
Design/Layout/Production
801.487.8383

**Hey Broncos!
HOW'S THAT O-4 START
TREATING YOU?
Can you say "Over Rated"?**

Run a SLUG CLASSIFIED AD. Sell your stuff, speak your mind, scream from your soapbox, mindless banter, ANYTHING YOU WANT! \$10 a month (\$20 for larger box)

2225 S. 500 E. #206 s.l.c. ut 84106. email ads@slugmag.com or call 801.487.9221

... and not always the opinions of the SLUG staff.

SLUG Magazine

page 13

RECORDING ARTS

FILM & TV PRODUCTION

RADIO BROADCASTING

On the job training

In major local recording studios, radio/tv stations, and film companies. No experience required. Part time, nights, weekends. Call for FREE video.

1.800.295.4433

careerconnection2000.com

**SABBATHON
1999**

TEE SHIRTS & STICKERS

STILL AVAILABLE

TEE SHIRTS \$14.00

BUMPER STICKERS \$1.00

SEND CHECK OR M.O. TO

SLUG MAGAZINE / SABBATHON

2225 SOUTH 500 EAST SUITE 206

S.L.C. UTAH 84106

ALL PROCEEDS DONATED TO MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY

**Scott FARLEY
FOR MAYOR**

**Best Prices on ALL
your printing needs!**

MG graphics
487.8383

Meet Hot Gay & Bi Locals

Free to Browse & respond to ads

801.595.0005

GET SIGNED NOW!

1,000's of record labels from around the world are looking for all kinds of new bands. Our book contains information on over 1,200 labels.

send a check or m.o. for \$25 to
Universal 5 Productions

pmb 280

13700 Alton Parkway, Ste. 154
Irvine, CA 92618-1618

**Scott FARLEY
FOR MAYOR**

Listen to Kicking Judy
w/ Penny and Kara
Saturday Nights
9pm-12am on KRCL 90.9FM

**SLUG
AD SALES**

Need someone who wants to work their own hours and make cash working for the coolest mag alive.
MUST HAVE SALES EXPERIENCE!

**call Gianni
801.487.9221**

The BEAUMONTS

need a drummer...
Trashy, punky, pop rock ala
Velvet Underground, Pixies,
Ramones, etc.

Must be reliable & able to
practice 2-3 nights a week.

**Call Matt 816.1438
or Joe 250.8077**

MR. BUNGLE



photo / Jay Blakesberg

The representative from Warner Bros. had graciously arranged everything. I would show up during sound check and have 15 minutes to interview the band once they finished. I was given the name of the tour manager that I was suppose to contact once I arrived. He was expecting me and everything was in place. I was about to be conversing with one of the most innovative, musically creative bands of our time. Why then was I met with such malice when I got there? Oh that's right, the concert was being held at club DV8 and being put on by Soularium. Club DV8 and Soularium are famous for being a pain in the ass about things like this. This is not the first time I've run into problems with them and I'm sure it won't be the last. They decided to play the barrier between the band and myself by not letting them know I was there. I could hear that the sound check had been over with for awhile now and again requested that they let them know I was there. I could feel the whole thing slipping through my fingers and all because of a certain difficult bitch that gets her self worth from feeling like she is the one in control of situations that should have nothing to do with her. Of course they humored me by pretending to do just that. Since a pretend interview was not what I was after and would make the band upset and amazed at all the mis-quotes, I kept pressing the issue until I was told that it was too late now to do the interview and that if I still wanted to do it I would have to come back after the show. Of course I wouldn't be allowed in during the concert if I didn't have a ticket. I was wondering how I was going to pull off reviewing the show from outside the building. Maybe I would have to make believe with that also. At this point they had made me leave Club DV8.

While things were still trying to be sorted out, I made friends with a friend of Danny Heifetz, (percussion and keyboards for Mr. Bungle) and downed a couple of beers in the alleyway with some kids that couldn't get in to the sold out show either. Eventually, thanks to our beloved editor and local dwarf tossing champion Gianni, ass was chewed and enough phone calls were made that everything was back on track. The tour manager that they were keeping me from talking to apologized profusely confirming that he had no idea I was even there and apparently cussed out the lovely and talentless woman from Soularium for pulling her little power trip.

I had infiltrated the club known as DV8 as the opening band was getting done. Now came the real waiting. Things were being messed with and set up on stage for what seemed like forever. People were getting restless and tired. Then a red light came on. The crowd went nuts. Cheering, clapping, and hollering, until they realized nothing else was happening. Things died down for a long while. All of a sudden! The red light went out and a blue light came on! Patrons, who were sitting, were brought to their feet once again! This was it! Yeah! Whoohoo!

Unfortunately this continued for over an hour before Mr. Bungle actually came on. When they did though, it was well worth the wait and the bullshit of dealing at all with the identical Siamese sisters joined at the ass by a rather large, communal, stick. Mr. Bungle performed the best version of Billy Squire's 'Stroke Me' I have ever heard. And to the dismay of all the trailer park Korn wanna be's that thought Mr. Bungle was cool just because of all the obscenities on their first Warner Bros. release, it turns out the band is musically talented. They ended up playing mostly new stuff from their most recent release 'California'. This happens to be one of the best albums of the year without a doubt. Imagine if the Beach Boys had put out a good album and never met Jon Stamos. Mr. Bungle has learned from other's mistakes.

With the show being over, I was issued a backstage pass and granted an interview with Trey Spruance, the guitar playing, keyboard grinding, production skill dropping portion of Mr. Bungle. It's turns out we had people in common that we knew.

SLUG: So I hear you know the members of the band Village Idiot.

TREY: I know a couple of them. Rob Keith and Chris Marrow.

SLUG: I met those guys up in Washington and we were talking about Mr. Bungle. Are they still together?

TREY: Yeah! They just gave us their new CD.

SLUG: So they have one out after Amputee Party?

TREY: I believe so. I didn't really see a title on this one.

SLUG: P. Earwig (Prosthetic Earwig/Artist) did the cover art for Village Idiot and also did some art work for you on your self titled CD. Do you work with him anymore?

TREY: I haven't spoken with him. He hasn't come to a show of ours in a long time. He used to come to them. But he is a very reclusive person. I think crowds scare him.

SLUG: I noticed you tuning your guitar a lot during songs. Please tell me you have some sort of tuner up there with you and you're not doing that by ear.

TREY: Oh my God! I'm doing it by ear. I have a tuner I can use, but it turns off the sound of the guitar. So I can't use it. Which is why I was out of tune all night. I have to change like every fucking song. Like one thing I have to tune down to D flat and the A string goes down to F sharp. It's complicated man. And of course I have a tremolo system that puts all the other strings out of tune and I have to adjust them. Not to mention loading the entire fucking song into the banks on the samplers. Three samplers on stage. I'm in charge of all of those things. Man, I had too many changes tonight. We need to change our set list a little, because between changing between acoustic, electric, and loading three different samplers...

SLUG: Everybody up there has ten different jobs.

TREY: Yeah, no shortage of labor. A lot of work is going on up there. Maybe give us five shows and it will be like automatic and we'll be actually able to play a real show.

SLUG: So the old stuff is pretty automatic now, since you guys quit dressing up like vegetables?

TREY: Yeah that stuff's pretty easy. Oh yeah, I guess some of our horn players dress up like vegetables. It used to sort of rotate. I don't know what we're dressing up like now. I think it's California (?). It's pretty much like if you take over California life.

SLUG: It was said that the difference between Mr. Bungle and Faith no More was that Mr. Bungle freely admits that they masturbate and there was this whole masturbation theme going on there for a while. Now it seems to be gone. Where's the love?

TREY: Hmm? Well I would say that what's happened is that everybody admits it now. It's no longer very special. Same with cuss words, all that shit, ultra-violence. It's like, now everybody does it.

SLUG: Time to go a different direction?

TREY: Yeah. We just get sick of shit so we'll try something else and make a commitment to do it, and do it well.

SLUG: Is it you that does a lot of the sampling on the albums?

TREY: There's actually no sampling on our records. We sample parts of the record to reproduce them live. Those are all played parts. We hire extra musicians to play stuff. There are noise elements that we create. Sometimes it will be like stuff we made on a 4-track tape or something. We'll sample that and bring it in, but there are no samples from outside sources.

SLUG: What about stuff like the pinball machine?

TREY: On the first record you mean? That's full of sound bites. Pinball machines, video games, stuff like that. There's none of that on the second record or this new record.

SLUG: Does Warner Bros. get pissed at you for doing stuff that's not so commercially palatable?

TREY: See, they're not mad at us for that. To be honest, we're the ones that get mad at them. They don't really understand that they could go anywhere in this country or anywhere in this world that we play and see the sold out audience and go "Wow. We could expand this. We could market this." And they never, ever do.

SLUG: So they don't push it like they do other bands?

TREY: It's kind of a blessing in a way because if they push you, you owe them money and next thing you end up getting dropped off the label. So, in a way, maybe they are doing the best thing they could possibly do by ignoring us. The one thing that you always think is good is the distribution. But right now, the worldwide, outside of the U.S. is fucked. This record hasn't even come out anywhere over seas. So the reasons for being on a major label are becoming fewer and fewer believe me.

SLUG: So who was it that took the shit on the first Warner Bros. release?

TREY: Took a shit? Oh that wasn't shit. That was a potato sack. It was two guys. And they sued us for using it!

SLUG: What were they doing?

TREY: They just filled a potato sack and threw a bunch of potatoes in the toilet and made sounds. And they sued us. Can you believe that? It's incredible.

SLUG: Village idiot mailed me a tape of you guys called OU818 that sounded like a practice tape...

TREY: Some of them were rough mixes, but OU818 was a real demo tape that we did at a sixteen-track studio. It was before we had any label interest or anything like that.

SLUG: That's what you used to get signed?

TREY: Yeah. And we would sell it at shows. It did well man. For a demo tape it was ridiculous. It did incredibly well. People still want that shit. Why, I don't know.

SLUG: I have it still.

TREY: I want to just put it on an MP3 sight and get it over with, so people will stop bootlegging it. Put it on MP3. It's better.

SLUG: Out of curiosity, do you know Amy Winkel?

TREY: Yeah! I was hoping she would be here. I don't know if she was or not.

SLUG: I don't know if she's in town anymore. She mentioned that she used to hang with you guys quite a bit.

TREY: Yeah. Last time I saw her she was still living here. I saw her over Christmas.

SLUG: She thought you were here at a Faith No More show I went to with her.

TREY: Nope! I never toured with Faith No More. I wasn't there. I was in there long enough to make that record and then I quit.

SLUG: The album you're referring to is King For A Day right? How did that go?

TREY: It was okay. It was more like a job. It was a good job. Like any job, it had its things that made me go, Okay, it's time to quit this job. And that was fine.

SLUG: How much longer are you going to do Mr. Bungle?

TREY: I don't see any real end to it, to be honest.

SLUG: Ever? You picture doing this in your late fifties?

TREY: Probably so. Maybe it will turn into more like a job too, but it's a better one than anyone I could think of.

SLUG: Working with Jon Zorn, how was that?

TREY: Which thing? I've done quite a few different things with him.

SLUG: I'm only familiar with self titled CD.

TREY: We were really fucking clueless. We didn't know what the hell to do in the studio. So he really helped us. We had tracked that record and he came in and mixed with us. He knew how to clean up the tracks, tighten up the mix and make things better. We learned a lot from hanging out with him.

And from there we started doing projects with him and he would have things he was doing and ask us to do it. **SLUG:** So buy hanging with him, that gave you the confidence to produce Disco Volante?

TREY: No. Not really. Actually, I got my own studio. And then I started recording like all the fucking time, doing my

own shit. And by the time it came time to do that record, we just sort of asked him if he wanted to do it and he said you guys don't need me to do it. So he gave us a little push. And we were like, cool! Let's do it. He gave us a little vote of confidence.

SLUG: The LDS church, how do you feel about it?

TREY: LDS church?

SLUG: The Mormons.

TREY: Ohhh! Latter Day Saints? Well I grew up in a town that was thirty percent Mormons. I knew people like Amy. Amy's a nice person man. And is really a forward thinking type of person you know. You could throw anything at her and she wouldn't get phased by any of it. So, my impression of it from knowing people like her is not as negative as it might be to a lot of other people. I don't know. I read a bunch of stuff about Joseph Smith. He was a crackpot. I have to admire some of the crackpot aspects of it. I don't hate it or anything like that. I'm not like one of these anti-fucking Christianity shitheads that's constantly waving the banner of human righteousness. I don't really care. The people I've met that are Mormons are nice people. Sure there is a Nazi element that you've got to watch out for though. I haven't experienced it too much. Most of the really horrible people I grew up around, were not Mormons. Mormons were nicer than some of the others.

SLUG: And I'll tell you why. Because when they're in the minority, they have to learn a little more tolerance.

TREY: I've heard about this place and I love the sub-culture it creates too. I've got to love that about Mormonism.

SLUG: There is a lot of talent here, but there are no venues to showcase it.

TREY: Well, I'll tell you what man, liberal, fucking San Francisco's not much better. They're real forward thinking, free thinking hippie-fucking sounding. San Francisco doesn't have shit for venues for anything. So the perception is different, but the reality is very similar. It's not a good time for arts or anything like that anywhere.

SLUG: Anywhere in the country?

TREY: Not that I know of.

—Ray M.

AGNOSTIC FRONT

Live @ DV8 10 / 19

TOUR DATES

9-23 SCRANTON, PA
9-24 LONG ISLAND, NY
9-25 NEW JERSEY
9-26 DC
9-27 RICHMOND, VA
9-30 SPARTANBURG, SC
10-1 ATLANTA, GA
10-2 DAYTONA, FL
10-3 JACKSONVILLE, FL
10-5 FT. LAUDERDALE, FL
10-6 TAMPA, FL

10-7 PENSACOLA, FL
10-8 NEW ORLEANS, FL
10-9 HOUSTON, TX
10-10 DALLAS, TX
10-11 SAN ANTONIO, TX
10-12 LUBBOCK, TX
10-13 ALBUQUERQUE, NM
10-14 PHOENIX, AZ
10-15 CORONA, CA
10-16 LOS ANGELES, CA

10-19 SALT LAKE CITY, UT
10-20 DENVER, CO
10-21 LAWRENCE, KS
10-22 ST. LOUIS, MO
10-23 MEMPHIS, TN
10-24 LOUISVILLE, KY
10-26 PITTSBURGH, PA
10-27 PHILADELPHIA, PA
10-28 NYC
10-30 PROVIDENCE, RI

INERTIA

★ RIOT, RIOT
★ OUTTAIT

 emusic DOWNLOAD EPITAPH MP3'S AT EMUSIC.COM

AGNOSTIC
FRONT

INERTIA
★ RIOT, RIOT
★ OUTTAIT

WWW.EPITAPH.COM WWW.AGNOSTICFRONT.COM



Chet Baker

As Though I Had Wings / The Lost Memoir St. Martin's Griffin

Don't look for this in the jazz section of your local CD store unless they carry books. This book was originally published by Buzz Books in 1997 and again by St. Martin's Griffin in February of this year.

The best thing about this book is that it's an easy read. For several reasons. It's not written like a diary, but a collection of thoughts and anecdotal passages from the infamous progenitor of West Coast jazz. Many of the chapters deal with affairs with women, running from the police and his love for his trumpet, his drugs and his wives. It reads like a 50's detective novel without all the mystery. It gives you a real sense of how he felt as he witnessed his life happening right there before his own eyes.

—Maxx

Bill Frisell

Good Dog, Happy Man Nonesuch

More proof that the beautiful weather in Seattle breeds great music. The New York Times called him "the most significant and widely imitated guitarist to emerge in jazz since the beginning of the 1980's..." To say that Frisell is a great jazz guitarist is quite misleading. In fact, go to your cool record store and ask them "where is Bill Frisell?" You will get several answers ranging from Avant Garde to Jazz to Instrumental to "who is Bill Frisell?" (Media Play). The man is just so damn good at playing and writing on the guitar, that his expertise knows no bounds. A cursory look at his biography reads like a junkie's rap sheet. But Frisell is a junkie of sorts, with incredible and unique sounds being his drug of choice.

—Maxx

Mahavishnu Orchestra

The Lost Trident Sessions Legacy / Columbia

It sounds pretty cloak & dagger that Columbia archivist/producer Bob Belden stumbled across two unmarked quarter inch tape reels in the basement vault at Columbia that turned out to be "The Lost Trident Sessions." Particularly after it had been severely bootlegged under the name "The Holy Grail" for years.

Nonetheless, this is it. The third studio album from what might have been the most formidable lineup in the history of what is now known as jazz/fusion. John McLaughlin, considered to be one of the greatest guitarists alive fronts Jan Hammer (keys), Billy Cobham (drums), Jerry Goodman (violin) and Rick Laird (bass) on a record that boasts song writing from all members instead of just McLaughlin. Probably too heavy for the weak at heart, but if instrumental prowess is your poison, look no further. As Hammer notes years later, "the band was really absolutely working on all cylinders at that point." Truly a gross understatement.

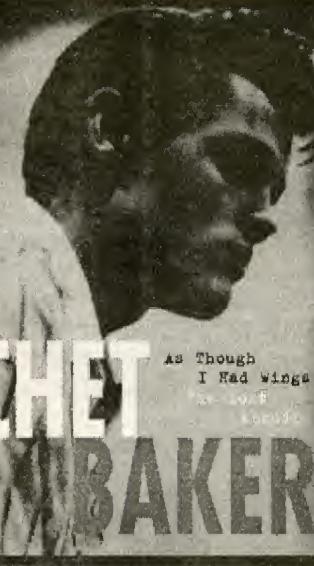
—Maxx

James Hurt

Dark Grooves • Mystical Rhythms Blue Note

Never judge a book by the cover. That is the lesson learned by this James Hurt debut on Blue Note. If you based the cd on the cover alone, you might think trance, electronica, space rap or perhaps 70's reissue funk record.

This record is, however, aptly named. Dark Grooves - Mystical Rhythms. Hurt plays the hell out of the piano, and drummers provide the Mystical Rhythm. Eric McPherson, Dana Murray, Nasheet Waits and Ari Hoenig all contribute to the never in one spot too long game plan. "I wanted to find a use for all the cats I dig," exclaimed Hurt. The cats he digs, can certainly play. And combined with his inane sense of song structure, James Hurt has produced an album that people will look back on years from now as one of 1999's best. Loose grooved jazz, little tribal jaunts and sparkling piano vignettes all rolled into one. The best records subscribe to the age old theory of tension and release. Hurt is obviously a quick learner.



—Maxx

Preservation of Jazz, Director Ken Poston and archivist Eric Fankhauser as well as the author of the companion book Central Avenue Sounds: Jazz In Los Angeles / Steven Isoardi. Hard to find tracks abound, and approximately one third of the selections are making their CD debut here. Plus, the legendary recording "Ory's Creole Trombone" will be issued on this set for the first time at the correct speed. And lets not forget that you can peruse a massive booklet with no less than 92 pages of essays, rare photos and detailed track information written by jazz experts Steven Isoardi, Floyd Levin, Phils Pastras, Ken Poston and Jim Dawson.

—Maxx

Central Avenue Sounds:

Jazz In Los Angeles (1921-1956)

Rhino

Central Avenue, in the heart of Los Angeles, set the tempo and style for jazz on the West Coast in the first half of the 1900s. LA's huge contributions to New Orleans jazz, swing, bebop and R&B through the '50s have, for the most part, been undervalued and usually overlooked. Not anymore.

Four jam-packed CDs cover the span from 1921-1956 with 91 LA-related jazz classics. The set was produced with guidance from the California Institute for the

Mingus Big Band Blues & Politics Dreyfus Jazz

Every Thursday night since 1991 at "The Fez" under the Time Cafe in New York City's East Village, the Mingus Big Band plays a steaming set or two celebrating the music of Charles Mingus. This is a 14 piece big band that nails it when it comes to paying homage to one of great composers and bassists in music. This disc also has some narration from Mingus and some brief comments on music and racism, including parts of his speech from the film Mingus "Lpledge allegiance to the flag, the white flag." Too good to pass on with well over an hour of Mingus' brilliant tunes and spoken word.

—Maxx

NOFX
THE DECLINE

dirty · dirty · dirty

© VISICK 99



45 W. Broadway (300 S.)
Salt Lake City, Utah 84101
801-359-1200

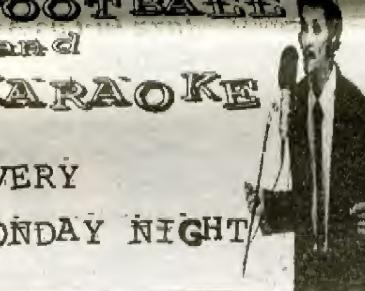
CHECK OUT OUR "NEW DELI"
OPENING SOON FOR LUNCH!

www.yabutsclub.com

a private club for members



EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT



EVERY
MONDAY NIGHT

POOL
TOURNAMENTS
9 BALL TOURNAMENT
every Sunday & Tuesday @ 8pm
8 BALL TOURNAMENT
every Monday &
Wednesday @ 8pm
ALL SHARKS MUST ATTEND!

Live House
DJ's Every
Wednesday

LIVE MUSIC

THURSDAYS

10/7 BAD APPLE,
OFFICE PARTY
10/14 SOURPUSS, NAKED
ORPHAN

10/21, 10/28 TBA

FRIDAYS

10/8 MALEVELANT CREATION,
INTERNAL BLEEDING,
MINION, PROMISQUES
10/15 TEMPERED STEEL,
ARIEL

10/22 NIGHT TRAIN

10/29 SHIV, DAUGHTERS OF
THE NILE

SATURDAYS

10/9 ELSEWHERE,
SUGARPANTS
10/16 FISTFULL, RED BENNIES
10/23 MUDFLY, 7 GRAND
10/30 HALLOWEEN BASH,
COSTUME PARTY, 5 BANDS!

LOCAL CDS

Golly, there's a reg-a-lur shit-load o'local music out there lately, and all different varieties, too. Here are reviews of five out of God-knows-how-many local CDs that found their way into a little shoe box with a horrible, five-letter word scribbled on it:

In Effect / Empty Fatt Ass

These guys are saying, "It's about fucking time" as they read this. Well, it is. This CD should have been reviewed in these pages a long time ago. Thanks for your patience, guys.

"Essence" begins the disc with the sweet sound of needle touch-

ing vinyl and proceeds to get heavy (and I do mean heavy) from there. Monster rifts, monstrous drums...big, bad vocals. Wheedling solos and (most) Korn traits are mercifully omitted. For a highlight, see "Flock."

Suspension of Disbelief / Drained Marytr Music

They're baaaaack...and with tempo changes, Araya-versus-Hetfield barking and crushin' distortion intact. Few songs on the disk exceed two minutes, so there isn't any bullshit tangential rifting. Get in, fuck it up, get out. Hidden track for those who just

gotta have one more. I like.

Sundive / Sundive

St. George lost their best band to the "allure" of Salt Lake City's burgeoning local music scene. Sundive's wistful alternative melodies bring to mind Sarah McLachlan and the Cranberries. This self-titled debut has sold briskly since hitting Salt Lake shelves and it's no wonder. The songs settle in the curvy little crevices in your grey matter and even the longest of fingernails can't scrape them out. Highlights? Try "Mrs. Dalloway" or "Anyone Ready?"

Society's Child / Taken Over / Missing Link

Put Pink Floyd, Metallica and the Lone Gunmen from the X-files on the Space Scrambler, set it on "trip" and let the centrifuge work it's magic. Pour over broken glass and serve.

Prozaq Nation / Burnt Offering

I usually shudder when I see a band that obviously endorses some brand of eyeliner. I still do, except I found a band of eyeliner wearing mofos that I like. Prozaq Nation straddles the fence between cock rock and Prong, holding on with one hand and waving to passersby with the other.

—Randy Harward

Life Version 3.2

Dot this and Com that. When my mother started referring to herself as "mom.com," I knew the internet had gone too far. When does it end? It doesn't. It has just begun. The dot has replaced the period and I'm not dot cool with that dot com. But I'm getting used to it dot net.

The Internet, I thought, was just a fad. Like the CB, breaker breaker one-nine, what's your 20? Or a pet rock. Or the hoota-hoop. Or the wheel. The Internet would not last, I thought.

I told everyone to avoid going "on-line." Going on-line, I would say, was like turning your brain off. It was like TV with a typewriter. It was like this is your brain. This is your brain on the Internet. Lights Out. Any questions?

People laughed at me. They thought I was crazy. But the proverbial they also laughed at Edison. They laughed at Einstein. And they still laugh at Steve Martin.

What do "they" know? Then some other group of "They," an off shoot of the they that say, "Mind your Ten Commandments," invented Internet Pornography. Much to the dismay of the moral majority "they." And because of porn "they," the Internet was here to stay.

When I realized the Internet had permanently logged into our world dot com (This epiphany occurred sometime around March of '99 when you're ahead of the bell curve, you might as well flaunt it), I realized geek speak had not only taken over my life, but I had thrown out the well-cited int.net.

In June, when I broke up with my girlfriend, I called it Break-up Version 1.0. I needed to number the version of the break-up, because there were some bugs in 1.0. In this version, the operating error came in the accepted definition portion of "Just Friends." I thought friends did that. She didn't. Break-up Version 2.0 was messy. Lots of defects. And, apparently all of the flaws and faults of the entire relationship program Version 8.0 were mine. Instead of referring to ex-girlfriends by name, numbers now suffice. It worked great in "Get Smart" for Agent 86 and 99. For me it's more like Chaos, with a capital K. The 8.0 girl informed me, during Break-up 2.0, that I was insensitive. I told her I meant to get around to downloading Care, Version 3.7, but then I realized I couldn't do Care.

She said that I didn't know the meaning of the word "love." I said when I installed Dictionary 95, I had all the four lettered words deleted. She was right. I didn't know the meaning of that word "Love." I didn't know the meaning of a lot of four lettered words. So much for censorship. The V-chip seemed like such a good idea on C-Span.

Fudge, Break-up Version 3.0 stuck. She got sick of being just a number. I told her she wasn't "just" a number, she was Version 8.0. Don't you know, that was the end. I was 80'd, but wasn't that the original intent of Break-up Version 1.0? When she told me I needed to get a clue, I said no, it's you that should log-on and into some dot E-D-U. Like phonics, I'm hooked on speaking like a binary processing unit. When I hear someone say they are hitchhikers, road kill, or a deer in the headlights of a car on the information highway, I laugh like it's the first time I've heard that joke. When a joke isn't funny, why is it still called a joke? It doesn't matter with e-mail. Just press "forward" and send that little "ha ha" to 100 of your closest friends. Jokes don't die on the Internet. They just get sent to AOL. Tomorrow, everyone should e-mail their friends and tell them that C-Span has changed its name to C-Span. Computer geeks are the 90's icon of success. I'm just happy we haven't seen a calendar called "The Men of Microsoft." Computer programmers have changed the way we speak. They've changed the way we look at life. The way we look at love. They've convinced us that size does matter. Smaller and faster is better. Yeah nerds. Our manner and vernacular is slowly being changed by these meek men that used to get beat up in gym class. That is true. But, if computer programmers are the meek that inherit the earth, it will be because Bill Gates donated the earth to them.

—Phil Jacobson

No Use for a name



NEW RECORD OUT NOW!

"More Bitterness"



CD/LP



FAT WRECK CHORDS P.O. BOX 193690 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119

When asked to do the Get Up Kids interview by SLUG, I figured "Hell, I can do this!" Since I know my fair share of Indie and Emo bands. The Get Up Kids are one of those bands. They hale from Kansas City, and play pop-emo music that is very girlfriend friendly. I called up Rob (the bassist of the band) while they were at some pizza joint in Alabama, getting ready to play. Over the phone we talked about their tour, their new album ("Something to Write Home About" off of Vagrant records), and their new label. What you are about to read is what we talked about in fifteen minutes in over a pay phone outside a pizza joint in Alabama.

SLUG: How's the tour going?

ROB: Much better than we expected. It's been crazy. We've been selling a lot more stuff, our record just came out a couple of days ago... It's been awesome. The promoters have been like "We expect around 200 kids," and then 500 will show up, which is really good.

SLUG: And Vagrant Records is treating you guys really well?

ROB: Yeah, Yeah. Absolutely.

SLUG: What are the changes between the last record "Four Minute Mile" and the new record, "Something to Write Home About"?

ROB: We can actually play every song on the record. As to when we put out "Four Minute Mile" we only played out about half of it, because some of the songs were so old already. We just spent a ton of more time on it. We recorded around five weeks as opposed to two and a half days... and we threw in a keyboard player.

SLUG: And his name is...

ROB: James Dewees.

SLUG: Isn't he from some infamous band called Coalesce?

ROB: Yeah. (laughs)

SLUG: Now is he still with Coalesce?

ROB: Right now, yes. I think they are gonna play a couple last shows. The singer has two kids, the guitar player just got married a week ago... so they're kinda winding down.

SLUG: You guys own your own record label called Hero's and Villains. How did that start about?

ROB: Well it was something Matt (lead singer/guitar player) and I were going to do anyway. When we were going to sign to a major label, Matt and I were going to take our advances from that and start a record label. But when it actually started to go through and we ended up not doing the major label deal, we talked to Vagrant about it. The more Matt and I thought about it, we thought it would suck to be on our record label - just because we're gone all the time. Who's gonna keep every thing up to date, you know? Cuz we're on tour. We're a full-time band anyway. Trying to help other full-time bands is a little too much work. From the road especially. So basically Vagrant is giving us our own label and they're doing all the work for us.

SLUG: So they are backing you 100% and taking care of it while you guys are gone?

ROB: Well, it's like us and them, we split all costs 50/50. Their logo will go on it and they will do all the marketing and distribution and that stuff. But Ultimately we can find anybody we want.

SLUG: What was your reason for leaving Dog House records?

ROB: It was a bunch of different things... some personal things as well. He grew

with us and them he peaked off and couldn't get our records were we wanted them. He didn't always get records on time for tours and it was getting to be more of a headache than it was worth.

SLUG: Any tour stories so far?

ROB: We met Sinbad!

SLUG: Where?

ROB: In Philadelphia. We played a show in Philly on the way up to CMJ (the music marathon in NYC). After the show we all went to subway inside a gas station and we see this limo pull up and four guys with suits walk out and then Sinbad comes out. (laughs) They were his personal

from Lawrence, Kansas.

SLUG: Are you guys just gonna be signing Kansas bands?

ROB: No... when me and Matt were gonna first start the label we wanted to put out The Anniversary's record. They're good... my girlfriend is in the band... plus they're just awesome! When the whole Vagrant Records thing happened, we wanted to help them out too. Next month we have a split 7 inch coming out with them.

SLUG: What are the top 5 albums you are rockin' out to in the van?

ROB: I hate to say it but... the new Nine

like 7th grade!

SLUG: That would be great to put in the magazine! What is your outlook on the direction indie rock or emo is going? I know you guys are right in the middle of it.

ROB: It's really kinda weird. Because you're seeing the older indie rock bands dying off a little bit. I don't know. It's at a turning point from when alternative rock started and where it is now. The people that were into it in the very beginning are old, out of college, not really going to shows unless Mike Watt is coming to town or something... I like Mike Watt. Don't get me wrong.

SLUG: Oh Yeah. The Minutemen were one of the greatest bands of all time.

ROB: Yeah. But it's changing with younger kids. It always has to. I think things are going well though. There's a lot of good bands. There's always good new music out there.

SLUG: Out of the newer bands coming out, which ones would you say have a good chance of making it, that you have played with or seen?

ROB: There is this band called Death Cab for Cutie. Have you heard them? They're from Seattle. Kinda like Built to Spill or Modest Mouse, but a little more pop or ambiance than both those bands. We are trying to sign them. This band that we're on tour with now, Hot Rod Circus, They are doing very well.

SLUG: What is your favorite parts of SLC besides the fact that you have family out here?

ROB: It's not really in SLC, it's in Utah. Me and Ryan growing up always went fishing on the Weber River. My dad would always take us fishing on the Weber River, so I have very fond memories of the Weber River. We were also born in the LDS Hospital.

SLUG: So, Salt Lake is kinda like your home away from home would you say?

ROB: Not really. I try not to think of it like that.

SLUG: Is it just where the relatives live?

ROB: Yeah. It kinda sucks because we always go and see them, and they never come out to Kansas City to see our family.

SLUG: I think you need to do something about that.

ROB: I know. A little Dis-owning.

Don't forget to see the Get Up Kids at DV8 on 10/22/99 with the Reflector and Youngblood. If you haven't seen these guys yet, come down (and bring your girlfriend) because this show will set you on fire!

— Froburn



al bodyguards and all this stuff!

SLUG: So Sinbad likes to eat a Subways in gas stations?

ROB: Sinbad has an obsession with Cheetos or something. You know he has all these people working for him, and he had to come in and grab the Cheetos. I think he wanted a little attention. So we got our picture taken with Sinbad and stuff.

SLUG: That's awesome. So where have the best shows been so far?

ROB: Our CMJ show was incredible. It was a sold out show at the Bowery Ballroom, which holds like 700 people. That was a blast. The Foo Fighter played there the next night.

SLUG: For all the Kiddies that don't know... Who is Reggie and the Full Effect?

ROB: It's James', our keyboard player's, little fun project. How it kinda started off... Me and James and Ryan, our drummer, used to live together. We had this piano that we got for free. So all of us would just goof around late at night cuz there wasn't anything to do in Kansas City. We would just sit around at the piano and make up these stupid songs! James just had a bunch of these songs he had recorded. Metal songs, synth-pop songs, and he fused them all together. He had a song for every genre basically. And then he had four other songs... and we were like "Man, these are pretty good" and he was like "really?" This was way before he was in our band, back when we were just living with him. Then he actually went in to record them. Matt came in and played bass on a couple songs and sang backup vocals. So basically they are just James' songs and his weird personality.

SLUG: The next Reggie and the Full Effect will be on your label. Are there any other artists on Heroes and Villains?

ROB: This band called The Anniversary

Inch Nails, have you heard it?

SLUG: Yes I have.

ROB: Man, it blows my mind! I'm serious! It's one of those bands you won't tell people you like, but secretly you listen to in your bedroom and totally rock out and play air guitar in front of the mirror to. For mainstream radio, he is doing something that is a little more challenging. What else? The new Flaming Lips is the record of the year.

SLUG: It's a damn good one.

ROB: The latest Mercury Rev record, the latest Wilco record, Summerteeth, we listen to that all the time. What else do we listen to? The Beatles, Beachboys, Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin and Matt has all these 80s metal obsessions and listens to the crew for like 3 days straight.

SLUG: Well at least you've got some hessian rocking in the band.

ROB: I wish I could send you a photo of Matt with his mudflap haircut! He was in

SUGARPANTS

Playing live for the Second Coming!

YA BUTS 45 W. Broadway (300 South)

with Elsewhere and Special Guest

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!

Armageddon happens Saturday Oct. 9th!

a private club for members



Chrome Locust

Tee Pee/MIA Records

This album kind of caught me off guard, because in the song "New World Disorder" the lyrics mention local favorites the Zillionaires. "The Zillionaires have millions of pawns." I don't know how Chrome Locust knows the Zillionaires, and I don't know if the Zillionaires have millions of pawns, but I will investigate further. Back to review: rift laden, heavy, hard-hitting drummer, with analog '70s warmth of recording, fuzzy guitars — what more could you ask for? I would recommend this album to the Kyuss or Blue Cheer fan in your family.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Chris Cornell

Euphoria Morning

A & M

In 1990 Chris Cornell wrote or co-wrote all of the songs for the album "Temple of the Dog" as a tribute to the late Andrew Wood, vocalist for Mother Love Bone. The record is all members of Pearl Jam and Cornell's old band Soundgarden. Since then Pearl Jam & Soundgarden put out several albums separately, none of which is as good as "Temple of the Dog." Now Cornell comes out with his first true solo album, and again uses the collaboration process to fuel his fire. He also sticks to his "Black Hole Sun" theory of copping old Beatle hooks and making them his own. The man knows how to write a song, no question. This album falls somewhere between Temple and some of his acoustic stuff that appeared on various soundtracks. Still though, Cornell seems to make it original enough to stand it's ground against his past. Don't get me wrong, Soundgarden was a great fucking band. But Euphoria Morning starts Cornell off on a whole new path that is paved with top shelf songs.

—Sharky

V/A Start Your Engines

Side One Dummy Records

My uncle and I were on our way to the Rocky Mountain Speedway, when I got out this CD, and put it into the car hi-fi. He looked at me, and with the usual disdain for any music I might suggest, asked me what the hell I was doing. I assured him that this album would be fitting for a day at the drag races, and asked him to give it a chance. About thirty minutes into the ride, he pushed eject on the CD player and asked me to put the album away. I asked why. He told me that this album made him want to pop a handful of speeders and beat his wife. I didn't argue. Buy this CD immediately, and check out the ass kicking you'll get from Blazing Haley, Nobodys, Reo Speedealer (now Speedealer), and too many others to mention. You heard me fucker, buy it!

—Jeremy Cardenas

Deadbolt

Zulu Death Mask

Headhunter / Cargo

Deadbolt keeps putting out the same

album over and over again. This time the self proclaimed "Scariest Band in the World" called the record Zulu Death Mask. This time there are little gems like "Burn Lil' Debby Burn", "Who the hell is buried in Jimmie's Grave" and "Swahili Bob." How appropriate that they stormed Burt's Tiki Lounge on October 1st. There is a story about the Zulu Death Mask inside the CD cover that goes along with the music... sort of. Describing the music might be a stretch. Definitely a drinker's band with a drinker's album full of voodoo-surf-monster-psycho-billy-black magic tunes that wreak of tequila and stale cigarettes. How's that?



—Sharky

Bombshell Rocks

Street Art Gallery

Epitaph/Burning Heart

What the hell is going on in Sweden lately? I've already reviewed two or three great bands from the frozen tundra, and now another one comes along. Bombshell Rocks is very reminiscent of the Clash or Rancid, and in my book this is not a bad thing. The early British punk influence is very apparent as the album progresses. God Bless the Swedish, they're finally getting over the whole Abba thing.

—Jeremy Cardenas



doubleDrive / 1000 Yard Stare

MCA

I could have ran when I saw the chin beards, but I didn't. Too often, a goat is indicative of pretense. To their credit, doubleDrive manage to avoid it for the most part. True to their appearance, the band evokes Seven Mary Three, Creed, and other bands of

their ilk. Close your eyes and pay attention to the tunes, though, and the music becomes something more than MTV fodder.

The title track, "Hell," and "Belief System" are sure hits if they get airplay. Live, they would be the songs fans fester to hear. It's about time that a good old rock band was actually good.

—Randy Harward

Agnostic Front

Riot, Riot, Upstart

Epitaph

If you have never heard AF's "Victim in Pain," you need to remedy that. I believe that this new release is on par or better than that album, and that is saying a lot. I am not the biggest hard-core fan, and Roger Miret vocalist for AF assured me that he isn't a big hardcore fan either. This album transcends that imaginary line that makes distinction between punk and hard-core. It was good to hear something new after a two year hiatus for the band. "Riot, Riot, Upstart" was produced by Lars Friedrichsen of Rancid, and his influence is evident. This is a great sounding album. Loud, abrasive, full of character, a lot like the NY band who made it. Riot, Riot, makes me want to go out and bust some heads.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Pietasters

Awesome Mix Tape #6

Hellcat Records

This latest release by the pride of DC is an eclectic look at the directions ska music can head. In some of the songs The Pietasters sound like long lost members of The Specials, other times the feeling is a little more on the "reggae tip" (you like that? Made that word arrangement up myself). Then, when you

stumble upon the song "Somebody" you'll need to check and make sure that you didn't slip a Mighty Mighty Bosstones album in the stereo by accident. The best song is probably "Take Some Time", but then again if you want a big ol' stinky load of energy then you may want to flip toward "What I Do." Though this release demonstrates the largest style variance of any ska album that has passed through my sheltered existence, I still can't call it the best.

—Big Daddy



Donald Glaude / Off the Hook: A Donald Glaude DJ Mix

Moonshine Records

At first glance, with his wide-open in-your-face stance on his CD cover, it would be easy to dismiss DJ Donald Glaude as yet another DJ making yet another mix compilation. What a surprise to find not only thumping tunes, but a skillful blend of them. Hardly a newcomer to the scene—having DJ'd for over 14 years—this is Glaude's first compilation where he was able to "select and mix his own choice of tracks," rather than label dictation. This pays off in a big way. Known for his high energy sets, "Off The Hook" starts off with Digital Pimp's "Lost In The Matrix" an excellent build-up to what lies ahead, and by the time you reach the entrancing D'Still'd mix of "I Am The Freshmaker" by The Freshmaker, see if you're not on your feet. The funk continues with such pumping' tunes as Atomic Babies "Cetch Da Monkey", Paddee's "Grind," and by the time Glaude's journey reaches its end—here with the too-short "Hard Hat"—this reviewer for one was sad to see it end. Even though considered to be a pioneer with his enthusiastic Dj-ing style, for those unacquainted with Mr. Glaude, "Off the Hook" is an excellent introduction. He's definitely one DJ to watch out for.

—Son of Damian

SNL 25

The Musical Performances, Vol. 1 & 2

Dreamworks

The bio for this two CD set starts with an incredibly pretentious asinine intro from David Wild, Senior Editor, Rolling Stone...

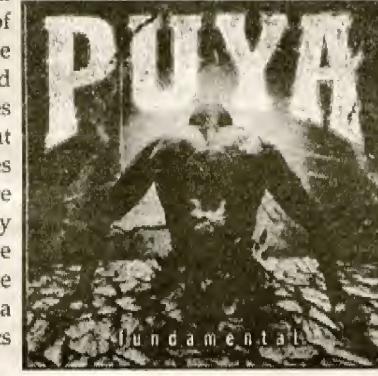
"For once the revolution was televised... there came a remarkable changing of the cultural guard..." Blah, blah, blah. Shut the fuck up and talk about the performances. Yes there are great stories in the bio about Belushi drinking at some club and promising the band a spot on SNL the next week, but that's not on the CD. Stop trying to impress me. Saturday Night Live had some great musician's perform and this CD captures some of those moments. The ones that make this 2 disc set worth it are David Bowie (Scary Monsters), Elvis Costello (Radio Radio), The Pretenders (I'll Stand By You), and Nirvana (Rape Me). If you are old enough to remember seeing Costello play "Radio Radio" live in 1978, (like I was) then this will have more meaning for you.

—Sharky

Tilt / Viewers Like You

Fat Wreck Chords

There are surprisingly few punk bands headed up with powerful female voices. Tilt is one of the exceptions in a male dominated genre, and Cinder Block's voice proves that force is anything but sacrificed when she takes the mic. The songs are catchy, raw, and politically charged. Truthfully the song "Annie Segall", while a great song, is more than a little bit creepy. The lyrics



are reminiscent of my old Death Metal days, back when the goal was to tell the most fucked-up story. The album's cover seems to be the perfect commentary on the music, sort of dark, more than a little bit twisted, but very solid. "Die of Shame" provides a bold and uncompromising commentary on teenage pregnancy, a major problem that receives very little musical attention. A solid 3 1/2 star performance. Probably the best song on the album is "Viewers like you" which will make you stop and think about what TV presents to us, and the mixed effects that has on society. Of course as soon as they mention sex I stop worrying about society and head straight for my remote control.

—Big Daddy

Johnny Dowd

Pictures from Life's Other Side

Koch

The singing moving man returns with a "mid-fi" sophomore release. *Pictures* is a little happier though not much than Dowd's debut, *Wrong Side of Memphis* (Checkered Past). He now has a full band, and I'd hazard a guess that he actually sprung for a couple hours of studio time instead of recording live in his living room. The lyrical content suggests that he has been skipping his therapy appointments. Which is good, because that means the songs don't lose their edge from the studio polish. The good stuff: "A Picture from Life's Other Side," the too-short "Blood Evidence," and "Vietnam." The great stuff: "The Ballad of Lonnie Wolf," "Greasy Hands," and "The Girl Who Made Me Sick."

—Randy Harward

Yaz / The Best Of

Mute/Reprise/Warner Bros.

If for no other reason than to own a digitally remastered group of classic 80's tunes, buy Yaz's new "Best Of" CD simply for the inclusion of the harder-to-find gem "Tuesday," and the sonically stunning '99 Version' of their classic ballad, "Only You." When the duo first appeared on the British New Wave scene back in 1982, they were originally marketed rather anonymously (with no pictures of themselves on either their albums, or their singles) and that strategy matched the bands' sound. (Early electronica and a seemingly sexless vocalist.) Obviously with the two monster talents behind the band (Vince Clarke had just left Depeche Mode and was a few years from forming Erasure, not to mention the soulful and considerable vocal talents of Alison Moyet) it would have been impossible to keep this anonymity for long. Sadly for the world, the band had already disbanded prior to its second album being released, but the best of their short-lived collaboration can be found here, sounding better than ever thanks to the wonder of digital technology.

The compilation includes all of their hits including "Nobody's Diary," "Ode To Boy," "State Farm," album cuts including "Goodbye Seventies," "Mr. Blue," and the above-mentioned must-own "Tuesday," plus François Kevorkian's famous 'US 12" Mix' of "Situation," Club 69's new updating of this cut, plus a new Todd Terry mix of "Don't Go." Closing the collection is the wonderfully simplistic '99 Version' of "Only You." If you've hesitated buying expensive imports for "Tuesday," or for remixes, this amazing sounding "Best Of" is a great solution.

—Son of Damian

The Psychotic Aztecs / Santa Sangre

Grita!

Puya / Fundamental

MCA

Latin rock is catching on like airborne herpes. So much so, that a label devoted entirely to the music of Latin rock bands (Grita!) was founded. The Psychotic Aztecs and Puya

both landed on the requisite compilation albums that Grita! first unleashed on the record-buying public. MCA Records was quick to recognize the potential of *la musica rock* and signed Puya. *Fundamental* is their major label debut and it takes Pantera a little further south than Texas, adding horns, salsa rhythms, and, duh...lyrics in Espanol. At first listen, it seems schizophrenic, but spending a little more time with it endears you to its salsa-mosh ambiance.

The Psychotic Aztecs are led by Tito Larriva (Tito and Tarantula, the Plugz, the Cruzados), Steven Hufsteter-Medina (ex-Cruzados) on led guitar and Johnny Vatos Hernandez and John Avila (yes, from Oingo Boingo) comprising the rhythm section. The songs on their Grita! debut, *Santa Sangre*, are pretty much blues-based rock with punk attitude. No doubt the lyrics are as twisted as those from the Tarantula albums, but my Spanish is not so good that I know what the hell Larriva is saying. I do, however, understand the words to the final track, "Agente Secreto" (Secret Agent Man).

—Randy Harward

Orange 9mm
Pretend I'm Human
Ng Records

Orange 9mm more or less defies any particular classification. Sort of like that infomercial Flowbee thing. It's a vacuum, but it cuts hair. So what do you call it? "Pretend I'm Human" took me on a ride through the magical lands of Hip-Hop, Rock and Roll, techno, and acoustic music. "Touching skies" was the surprise acoustic hip-hopish track, and it actually turned out pretty well. Overall these random combinations of styles worked, demonstrating a rare instance of originality in modern music. For all of this I appreciate the work Chaka (the lead singer) and the boys did here, yet the music isn't exactly something I would seek out. So I'm dropping a 2 1/2 star performance for "Pretend I'm Human". If I cared more for Hip-Hop, techno, and some of the other contributing factors, I'd bump that rating up 1 star (2 1/2 + 1 = 3 1/2). It's different, it's definitely different.

—Big Daddy

Ed note: Or you could go this way...

Orange 9mm
Pretend I'm Human
Ng Records

Producer/mixer Neil Perry (Smashing Pumpkins, Everclear) has this to say about Orange 9mm's *Pretend I'm Human*: "I haven't heard anything like this before in my life. The tunes are part fuck-raw, backed with this live-in-the-moment intensity."

What?

I don't hear anything here except rap fucking rock in the ass. The only thing saving it from sounding like every other nineties rap metal album is...well, I can't think of anything. It is intense and it is raw, but that doesn't mean it's original.

—Randy Harward

Ed note: This is what is known as "difference in opinion."

DJ John Kelley / *High Desert Soundsystem*: johnkelleydjmix4.myspace.com
Moonshine Records

Famous for his sets at desert raves outside of LA, DJ extraordinaire John Kelley ups the funk factor with his fourth DJ mix CD for Moonshine, entitled "High Desert Soundsystem." Known for his inventiveness in mixing/experimentation, Kelley progresses his sound in what the label loosely terms "tech-house." While this definitely makes for a 'harder' edge, it is nonetheless accessible. Joe Santos "Crossroads" begins this

funky set that keeps building subtly and never really slows down. Kelley's main strength as a DJ is the near-flawless way he mixes track into track (which is not as easy as it sounds) and it is therefore pleasant to look at the track listing to memorize a song name rather than to see how many more there are to go. It doesn't really matter that you've probably never heard of most of the artists on this compilation, the skill in Kelley's mixing—blending several different dance styles with occasional vocals—is completely addictive. Standout tracks here are "That Zipper Track," by label-mate DJ Dan and the groovy "Everybody" by Grooveyard featuring Michel De Hey. One challenge of buying mix CDs is that sometimes not all the tracks are good, but with this funky collection of tunes—and their skillful blend—DJ John Kelley's "High Desert Soundsystem" is a keeper.

—Son of Damian

Down By Law / Fly The Flag
Go Kart Records

All and all this is decent. I'm throwing down a 3 star rating here.

The bulk of this album's quality comes from "Breakout!" a solid song about Irish and Scottish freedom fighters, and "Fly the Flag", the album's namesake. Other stuff here is fine but I wouldn't go out of my way to throw the album on if those two songs weren't included. Down By Law has sort of been a staple of pop punk for a number of years, and as such most people probably know how Dave Smalley's (having also lead DYS, Dag Nasty, and

ALL) voice stands apart from others in this category based on its high pitched, . . . almost snotty style (though this is anything but snotty punk rock). The music on here covers the band's range of playing styles, fast, slow, Celtic, whatever. None of this "same song, different lyrics" crap.

—Big Daddy

V/A Pebbles Vol. 12
AIP Records

I went to my boss for a little help reviewing this one. She is the queen of understanding all things kitsch, having been around at the time of the conception of this music. Her take on this Phantoms compilation was that a lot of the music was B-movie background music, and she would rather not revisit some of the hair and clothing styles of the '60s. The outstanding tracks to her were the Four Rockets' Place Where She Lives and The Phantoms', Roadrunner. All in all an album full of classic material, and a few real gems.

—Jeremy Cardenas/Carolyn Jensen

22 Jacks / Going North
Side One Dummy Records

I was really excited when I heard that this band would be playing at Burt's Tiki Lounge about a month ago, but they didn't make the gig. It seems the band's van had other ideas somewhere in Wyoming. Too bad for us. Sorry, I'll get back to the subject. Going North is chock full of melody and hook. It is a highly catchy, sing-along on the long road trip kind of album. It almost reminded me of the Adolescents, and then I remembered that Steve Soto (former Adolescents guitarist) is in the band. Isn't it amazing how irony can jump up and bite you on the ass?

—Jeremy Cardenas

Dot Allison / Afterglow
Arista/Deconstruction/Heavenly

After having made only one album with her early nineties band One Dove (think of a Scottish Saint Etienne—and their fine "Morning Dove White" LP,) Dot Allison returns to the scene following the '96 demise of the band and following her own four

month confinement to a wheelchair following a car accident. But far from resting on her laurels, Dot seems to have befriended some of the best British musicians/producers to help her out on her solo debut, the ironically-titled "Afterglow." From co-producer Magnus Fiennes (yes, brother to the actors of the same name), and musicians/programmers Kevin Shields (of My Bloody Valentine), Richard Fearless (of Death In Vegas), Pascal Gabriel & Paul Stratham (of Peach), and most surprisingly, the legendary Hal David, Dot's gorgeous vocal style dominates on the record's 11 selections, which mainly veer somewhere around ballads of loneliness and reflection. No problem, this makes for more in-depth listening.

The album's opener (and first single) "Colour Me" sets the tone and this song fairly represents her song writing strengths and whisper-like vocal style.

Hal David's lyrics on "Did I Imagine You?" are matched beautifully with a string section. "Morning Sun" seems deceptively simple at first listen, then builds up to a full-on trance tune. The drone-like arrangement on "In Winter Still" is countered with its semi-hopeful lyrics to great effect. But surely one of the album's highlights has to be "Message Personnel," which appears to be a plea for understanding from a lover despite its victim-like cry "don't love me/don't leave me/don't trust me/believe me" repeated over and over. If you're a fan of One Dove, "Afterglow" is a must-own. But if you're simply a fan of great female vocals and great song writing, you won't be disappointed with this solo debut.

—Son of Damian

Kiss the Clown / Pretty Paranoia
Rotten Records

I thought that this might be the Kiss/Insane Clown Posse collaboration that I've been hearing about, but man was I wrong. I would gladly take a Kiss/ICP project before I would listen to this album again. Kiss the Clown sounds like what would happen if Perry Farrell joined Blink-182, and the band had a full frontal lobotomy to remove any creative impulses they might have had. This album made me want to KICK the clown not kiss it. Fuck I hate clowns.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Maxi Priest / Combination
Virgin Records

Admittedly I am not really an authority on Maxi Priest's existence on this planet, and every track that he has ever laid down in the recording studio. However, I was under the (apparently false) impression that he was a reggae singer. I was wrong, he may have been at one time, and his family may have been from Jamaica, but he is straight out of the Boyz-2-Men school of soulful cheese. I feel violated, as does my CD player, and for that I reprimand him with a 1 1/2 star rating. He has a great voice, and undoubtedly with the right mood lighting (or candles), a bearskin rug, bottle of champagne, and a beautiful woman, this album could help to make some magic. However, my CD didn't even come with wine-in-a-box, let alone champagne, and don't even get me started on the lack of a beautiful woman being included in my press kit. So I'll wrap it all up by saying, if R & B (pronounced S-H-I-T) is your thing, a la Boyz-2-Men, this will be what was playing in your last wet dream.

If (like me) you like Bob Marley, Toots & The Maytals, or others in that genre, then run like hell from this thing.

—Big Daddy

Lilith Fair: A Celebration of Women in Music, volumes 2 and 3 / Arista

I'll admit to a slightly misogynistic attitude

toward Lilith Fair. Not that I don't think women can play music, these three discs are glaring examples to the contrary, it's just that I can't stand a militant attitude. To which you might say, "Hey asshole...we have to be militant to get equality!"

To that I can only say...quit whining and get me a beer, woman!

That oughta get me a couple of letters. 'Course, they'll be from people who don't know me and can't detect my facetious tone. (Does that pass for a disclaimer?) When you do write, ladies, spray some perfume on the flowery stationery, K? To the music.

Volume 2 begins with Sinead O'Connor.

Enough about her. Let's move on to the good stuff. Heather Nova is and always has been a hotty. Ditto Shawn Colvin, Sarah McLachlan, Lisa Loeb, and the Cowboy Junkies' Margo Timmins. Volume

3 has its share as well. Me'Shell Ndegeocello, Liz Phair, Holly Cole, and Chantal Kreviazuk all belong in *Maxim*.

Anyway, thanks for reading this far. I take that to mean that you care to read the entire review before getting out your "Hello, Kitty" notebook and scribbling a nasty note. I appreciate that kind of attention.

—Randy Harward

Mark Almond / Open All Night
Instinct Records

The long awaited release from Marc Almond was made available domestically on September 28th by Instinct Records. "Open All Night" is the first album to be brought to you via Almond's own label, Blue Star Music. This is Marc Almond at his best and is sure to be a classic. Silky smooth vocals, dark, introspective lyrics and a surprising blend of musical genre ranging from hip-hop/techno beats to seductive bassy blues, combine to deliver a performance that stays true to the erotic-cabaret-sex-lounge style that you have come to expect and love. Notable here is the extraordinary resonance of Marc's voice that only is complimented by duets with Kelly Ali (ex-Sneaker Pimps) and Siouxsie Sioux ("Almost Diamonds" and "Threat of Love" respectively). Other highlights include the sleazy, burlesque delight, "Scarlet Bedroom", a timeless torch song "Wrap My Heart in Velvet," and a desperate plea for love and acceptance on the title track, "Open All Night", "Soul for Sale" and "Who wants a heart for rent?." This album satisfies from beginning to end.

In the 15 years since Soft Cell, Marc has maintained an active solo career, and at age 42, he is showing no signs of letting up any time soon: A possible USA tour this November is currently in the works, and he has recently released an autobiography "Tainted Life" as well as, a collection of his poetry and lyrics, titled "Beautiful Twisted Night".

—Justin LaPoint

The Bacon Brothers

Getting There

Bluox Records / Helena Music Co.

Kevin Bacon needs to be dragged into a very small, dark room and have the brain cell that caused him to do a cover of "Jersey Girl" pulled out of his skull with a very sharp, flaming hot, rusty pair of old scissors.

Maybe then, he can experience the same kind of pain I went through listening to him destroy one of my favorite (and greatest) Tom Waits' songs. I know he's rich and wants to help out his brother, but do we all have to pay for it? Just buy him a house for God's sake. Do yourself a favor and go buy Heart Attack & Vine by Tom Waits instead of this CD and hear what it is supposed to sound like.

—Sharky



J.D. Leister ALMOST A TRUE STORY

PART TWO / CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

"Will you guys cover for me?" I asked Penny and George, who'd been taking this all in, their heads swiveling from me to Franny and back like they were watching a tennis match. Obviously fascinated and amused, they happily gave their consent. "If y'all want to catch her, sprinkle a little salt on her tail," George called to us as we left.

When we got to Smith's, Franny stopped short by the Orient Express counter. "This is as far as I go," he said. "She's in the produce department, standing near the bananas. She's the one in the white gown. You can't miss her." He gently shoved me in the right direction. I didn't argue with him, but I rolled my eyes, sibling code to tell him he was being a wuss.

Now, I hope you're not reading this expecting that I saw anything. Of course I didn't. There wasn't a girl in a white gown standing in produce. There was a couple thumping the melons and an old lady calmly picking out tomatoes. None of them looked like they'd seen anything out of the ordinary. I even walked around the banana bin. Aside from all of the bunches being brown and rotten, I didn't see anything unusual. But to be thorough, I walked up and down the aisles in the rest of the store. No chick in white, just what I'd expected.

"All clear," I said to Franny when I got back to him. Instead of being comforted, he became more agitated. "Dude, I swear she was there!" he wailed.

"Well, she's not there now. She's nowhere in the store. I covered all the aisles." Franny looked doubtful. I tried to reason with him, "She could've left when you walked back to Salt City. If she was here in the first place." He was still unconvinced, but I was tired of humoring him. "Look," I said, "I've got to get back to work. On our way out we'll ask the security guy at the entrance if he saw her."

That seemed to mollify him. However, when we asked, the security guard said he hadn't seen a woman in a wedding dress go in or out. In fact, he said that he hadn't seen any wackos all day until he saw us.

When I got back to Salt City, Rick gave me heck (he never gives anyone hell) for being gone so long and leaving Penny and George nearly overwhelmed by the after-school crowd. But I only half heard him, I was so worried about Franny. A haunted look had replaced his usually happy and feckless expression. It was bad enough that he had a pattern of falling in love with girlfriends from hell. At least they were real women. But his obsession with this phantom scared me. Maybe he needed to see a therapist. I resolved to talk to Mom and Dad about it when they came for Thanksgiving. Franny, on his part, avoided Ninth and Ninth like it was cursed, and started hanging out at Beans 'N Brew, five blocks south. True to form, he picked up another waif there, a slender, poetic-looking little thing named Saffron. I told him that Saffron was probably bitch spelled backwards in Sanskrit. He told me to shut the fuck up, so I knew he was back to normal (except for the tongue stud Saffron talked him into getting. It made him talk funny). By the time our folks arrived, I didn't feel like worrying them about something that seemed to have been a passing phase. Besides, they might think I was the one who needed therapy.

They flew in on Wednesday. The first thing Dad did after he hugged us was to hold Franny out at arm's length and inspect the alterations he'd made to his exterior in the past four months. "The lad's made some additions, Katy," he said. Mom just laughed. They were hippies way back when, so Franny's tattoos, studs, and rings didn't bother them a bit. However, they weren't hippies anymore, and as if to prove it, they started grilling me on my plans for grad school (not!) as soon as we got in the car. They've expected me to be a responsible adult since the day Franny was born.

In fact, my avoidance of productive adulthood was the major topic at Thanksgiving dinner. What happened to grad school? Did I want to go into business with Dad? What happened to that girl I went with in college? Hadn't we talked about getting engaged? Yadda yadda yadda. More than once Auntie suggested that I should go into the priesthood, no matter how many times I told her that I'd left the Church years ago. Ah, the joys of family! But my brother Franny's a real good guy. Did I say that already? Just when I was expecting him to laugh at my misfortune and surreptitiously flip me the bird, he came to my rescue instead. "Hey everybody, guess what I thsaw on Halloween?" he asked guilelessly.

The baby of the family was speaking, and with the cutest tongue-stud lisp. Mom, Dad, and Auntie stopped picking on me and gave him their full attention. Never one to shy away from the limelight, Franny related his encounters with the mysterious

woman in white like a born Irish storyteller. To my surprise, they didn't think he was crazy. (I'd been right about who would be told to get therapy.) They were fascinated, especially Mom. True to her New Age roots, she'd been dabbling in Wicca and really got off on stuff like this. "So you saw a *bean sidhe* on Samhain," she murmured. "That's a rare occurrence nowadays."

None of this new-fangled psycho-babble for Mom. No "Gee, honey, she sounds like all of your old girlfriends. Did you ever consider that?" If that old time religion was good enough for Druids, it was good enough for her. "Where did you say this Smith's was?" she asked.

"Near Ninth and Ninth."

"Oh, that's a crossroads!" she exclaimed, as if that explained everything. "And it's double nines too." She looked round at the rest of us. We must have looked confused, because she went on quickly to explain. "A crossroads is a powerful location where this world and the Otherworld come together at certain times of the year. Samhain, or All Hallow's Eve, is one of those times. That's when the power of the Sidhe over this world waxes. Nine is a sacred number. It's the three goddesses in triplicate, the nine-fold sisterhood. The ninth wave is the boundary between this world and the Sidhe." She was almost panting with excitement. "Franny, what are the compass coordinates of that corner?"

"East and South."

Mom banged her fist on the table, making the silverware and Auntie jump. "Well, there you go," she crowed. "East is prosperity and its color is white. South is music and its color is purple. Sean works at a music store. A music store, get it? Music is the strongest power of the Otherworld! Franny, you've tapped into something very chthonic!"

Franny was totally caught up in her enthusiasm. They always were a lot alike. "The awning on Salt City CD's is white and purple!" he shouted in confirmation.

It was ridiculous. Was I the only sane person in the family? I looked at Auntie. She looked angry, but why? I looked at Dad. Surely he wasn't buying this blarney! But he had a strange faraway expression in his eyes. Then, proving that insanity runs in our family, he said dreamily, "You know, there are old family tales about this or that man being visited by a banshee. Heck, some aren't even that old. My Da's own brother, Shamus, disappeared in 1950 after telling his friends he was stepping out with a woman he'd met at a pub, a pretty woman all dressed in white."

Suddenly another fist slammed down on the table. This time everyone jumped except Auntie. "Hogwash and foolishness!" she cried, as angry as I'd ever seen her. "Shamus ran out on bad debts. He did not pass into the Sidhe. He most likely took off to Australia or Canada. Patrick and Katy, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, as Christians, filling your boys heads with these pagan notions! Tis dangerous! Young Francis is too impressionable and Sean's touched enough as it is! I'll not sit here and listen to anymore of this nonsense!"

Quivering with righteous wrath, she rose from her chair. The rest of us, dumbfounded by her vehement outburst, merely stared at her. She glared at us and fired her last salvo. "This is what comes of leaving the Church. Without it you've become like rootless boats drifting in a sea of ignorance and superstition." That said, she turned spryly on her heel and stalked into the kitchen. She remained there, flinging dirty pots and pans into the sink, angrily banging them together and making an awful racket. Mom winced at every clang and clatter, but Dad winked at Franny and me, whispering, "Better the pots and pans than our heads."

"Still," he continued, "you two should make it up to the old girl. Make a novena with her or something. Out with the old superstitions and in with the new." He winked at us again.

"Franny, you'd better stay out of that supermarket," Mom admonished, whispering also. "At least until Beltane."

"Beltane? What's that?"

"The waning of the Sidhe's power. May's eve."

Poor Franny looked like he'd been kicked in the teeth. "That's five whole months!" he wailed, drowning out the ruckus Auntie was making in the kitchen. "I'm gonna have a ghost on my ass for five months!"

"She's not a ghost," said Mom.

"That's right," I added. "She a figment of your stupid imagination. She's every passive-aggressive bitch queen you've ever dated!" Someone had to say it!

"Watch your mouth, Mr. Broke-off-his-Engagement-to-a-Very-Nice-Girl!" snapped Mom, protective of her baby. (She hasn't been that protective of me since I turned ten, but that's another story.) Then she cooed to Franny, who was eating this up with two spoons. "You'll be fine, just stay out of Smith's until May. Sean can do all the shopping." She turned and looked pointedly at me.

Fed up with all the hocus pocus, I looked to Dad for support, but he nodded his head in agreement with Mom. "Be your brother's keeper, Sean," he said, as if I wasn't keeping Franny for them already. I was about to say as much when Auntie, finally calmed down, returned to the dining room baring a pumpkin pie in one hand and an apple pie in the other. Her lace curtain was drawn once more over her Irish temper and she made no mention of our previous conversation. Neither did the rest of us.

Indeed, no more was said on the subject that weekend, or for that matter, for the next few months. Except for Franny avoiding Smith's like the black plague and me having to do all the shopping, life was completely normal. (Well, as normal as it could be, living with Franny. For Christmas he gave me a gift certificate for a cock ring which I exchanged for an earring.) When he wasn't poking holes in some paying victim, he was snowboarding, usually with Penny. I hardly saw him after the first of the year, what with both of us working and him spending every spare minute he had shuddering.

(Which was great because there wasn't much of a chance that he'd meet any evil anorexic girls while on the slopes.) Except for our Sundays with Auntie, we were like ships passing in the night. I kind of missed the big goof, except for the damn shopping lists

he'd leave me. I told you already that Franny's the hungriest man I've ever met, right? You should have seen those lists. A jar of salsa wouldn't do. He had to have the half-gallon size. A twelve ounce bag of chips wasn't enough. Only the five pounder could satisfy him. When I complained, he threatened to call Mom. I didn't want her on my tail so I put up with his gargantuan demands until he finally pushed his luck too far.

Late one dreary, snowy, sleeting, February afternoon, Franny showed up at the store and handed me the mother of all lists. It was about a foot and a half long. It would have taken a U-Haul to get it all home. I didn't even bother reading past the first item, which was a gallon jar of mayonnaise. (Who the hell needs a gallon of mayonnaise?) "No fucking way," was all I said. He gave me his sad puppy face. I don't know why. It's never worked on me (even though it always works on Mom). I stood my ground. "No fucking way, dude." He tried his sweet baby face on me. That never worked either. "No fucking fucking way, stupid," I said. That made him mad.

"Asshole! Mom wants me to stay out of Smith's. You promised her you'd do all the shopping."

"I didn't promise her I'd prepare for life in a fallout shelter until the radiation from World War Three goes away! If you want to lay in provisions for the next two millennia, do it yourself!"

"But what if I see Her?" he whined. "What if She sees me?"

He looked so frightened, he was frightening me. My resolve melted. I couldn't bear to see the big goofball in such a state. After all, he was my baby brother. Resigned, I sighed, "Cut the list down to normal size and I'll go."

Franny snatched the list from my hand and studied it a while. "No can do," he said. I grabbed it back. "What do you mean, no can do, doofus? Can't you settle for human-sized portions? Meet me half way or I'm on strike!" That made him good and mad. His face turned as red as his hair. His Irish was up and his fear was forgotten. There was an I'll-show-you gleam in his eye. Roughly, he took the list back. "I'll go myself," he said defiantly. His jaw was thrust out belligerently, but I could see it was more bravado than bravery. I knew he was scared. If Penny hadn't been standing behind the counter, an unwilling witness to our argument, he would never have said such a thing.

I glanced at her. She was looking sympathetically at Franny. The sad puppy, helpless baby faces had obviously worked for her. Poor guy. Poor thing. She caught my eye and gave me a look that plainly said, "Creep".

"Hey Fran, I'll go with you," she volunteered. Now he couldn't back out. He didn't want to look like a chicken in front of her. "Great! Thanks. I'm going to need help carrying stuff," he said, like transport had been the problem all along.

Hoping that confronting his fears might help him get over them, I offered a token of support. "Take my car, doofus," I said and beamed him in the head with the keys.

I knew few customers would come into the store on account of the sucky weather, so I didn't care how long they were gone. And they were gone for a while, which was a good sign, I believed. But I should have known that the only good sign on Ninth and Ninth was the white and purple awning above the store (east and prosperity, south and music, in case you've forgotten). Franny and Penny returned empty handed and completely torqued. It was more or less what I was expecting from Franny, but I was taken aback by the expression on Penny's face. She looked pretty freaked. Usually I think of her as a paragon of the reality principle. "Don't tell me you saw her too," I said.

"No, Franny did."

"No kidding. What a surprise," I replied sarcastically. "But what's up with you?"

Penny hesitated as if she was trying to find the right words, then she said, "We were picking out avocados when I felt like somebody was staring at me. You know that feeling - like someone is stepping on your grave? It gave me a chill. I looked behind me but I didn't see anybody. That's when Franny said that the woman was standing by the bananas, giving me the evil eye."

Franny chimed in. "The banshee was looking at Penny like she hated her guts. I had to get her out of there fast before something bad happened!" He took a deep breath and recovered a modicum of calmness. "We left a loaded cart behind. Could you go to Smith's and get it?"

Always thinking of his stomach, come hell, high-water, or banshee, that's Franny. "Yeah, sure," I said grudgingly. "Are you going to be OK?" I asked Penny. She already looked like she was shaking the incident off, putting it in proper perspective. "Sure, it was just a creepy feeling, that's all," she replied. "Why don't you go over now? I'll watch the counter."

So I left and went to Smith's. I didn't see the banshee. I didn't get a creepy feeling. Franny's heavily overloaded cart was near the banana bin, which was full of over-ripe brown fruit. It smelled pretty funky. Otherwise, nothing was out of the ordinary. Chalk another one up to Franny's diseased imagination, I thought.

The very next day Penny went snowboarding at Alta. She hit an icy patch, lost control, and smashed into an inconveniently placed tree. She wound up in intensive care with a torn liver and a subdural hematoma. Franny was beside himself, convinced she'd been hexed by the banshee of Smith's. No matter how many times I reminded him that Penny is a real hot dogger and that ice happens, he refused to listen to reason. "Utah's famous for its powder, not its ice," he said.

"Only if you believe the hype on the license plates," I replied, trying to tease him out of the depression he'd fallen into since Penny's accident. But he was convinced that the banshee had it in for him and any female she caught him with. It was worse than any of the shit he'd been through with his godawful girlfriends. At least they were real and sooner or later, he break up with them. But this banshee thing wasn't a relationship. It was more like a haunting.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

NOW SERVING: HALLOWEEN TREATS

GOOD TIMES TATTOO
NEXT DOOR 485-4777

SEXY COSTUMES
SEXY LINGERIE
SEXY TREATS
COOL CLOTHES
AND
BODY PIERCING



WWW.BLUEBOUTIQUE.COM

BLUE BOUTIQUE

OPEN EVERY STINKIN' DAY 1080 E. 2100 S. S.L.C. UT. 801-485-2072



HARD
MUSIC
FOR A
HARD
WORLD
BY JOHN
FORGACH

What in the hell is going on? I turned MTV on the other day to see if Road Rules or Real World was on and I see Lars Ulrich (Metallica) hosting some show, pushing metal. On MTV? Metal? Can it be? Then there's a GAP commercial telling us it's o.k. to wear leather. Damn, looks like I'm just about to be cool again. What next - Headbanger's Ball? You can be cool too! Go see Kevin at the new location of the Heavy Metal Shop (2030 S. 900 E).

CENTURY MEDIA : With plans not to release their next studio album until next spring, Stuck Mojo have opted to put out a live album. While I'm normally lukewarm with live albums, HVY 1 is a great album - live or not. This is one of my favorite bands, and from the three times I've seen them live, I can say this is one of the best (if not the best) live bands I've ever witnessed. HVY 1 features fifteen live tracks along with two new studio songs, "Reborn" and "My Will". Stuck Mojo is sporting a revamped line-up with the addition of new bassist Dan Dryden. The band continues to let their rap/metal style evolve into new areas never touched in the metal realm. The music is still as sharp as ever and the backing vocals continue to add to the devastating, although melodic elements this band has so finely tuned. I

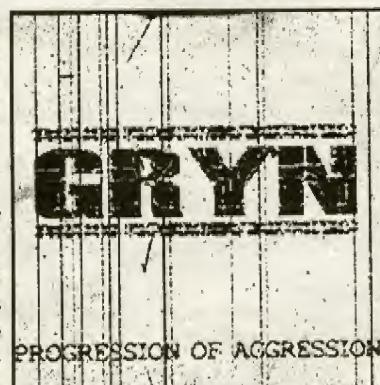
could go on and on about this band...but guess what? No Salt Lake date yet on their tour. Stuck Mojo, why have you forsaken us?

METAL BLADE : A little black metal does the body good, eh? If your soul could use a little blackening (and whose couldn't?), then I've got a couple for you here. Actually, I'm not sure if

Japan's, Amduscias is even worth listening to by black metal's slackening standards. Crappy sounding, crappily played and just a lot of crappiness going on here. - Next up we



not bad.



great playing, cool vocals - what more do you want? This release is evidence that Gryn will be taking their pissed-off style of hardcore/metal as far as it will take them. The sky's the limit. Contact Gryn at PO Box 48613 Fort Worth, TX 76148-0613 or on the web at www.odserv.net/gryn.

PAVEMENT : An album sure to make some waves is the new release from Kreator,

(This space was reserved for Monstrosity's, IN DARK PURITY), but the label didn't send it (even after I called them myself for it.) Oh well... Monstrosity kicked some ass all over The Back Alley, huh? (This probably would have been a good time to do a CD/live-show review of Monstrosity...) Looks like The Back Alley is the new hot spot for metal shows. Go see a show there, they are good people. The address is 150 E 5770 S. The daily calendar for The Back Alley should be in the calendar section of the magazine after this month. LA Guns (for any interested parties) w/Clean, Temper and Overture will play there on Oct. 27. Starting Oct. 1st, The Back Alley is hosting a "Battle Of The Bands" on Friday nights for eleven weeks. Local metal will be represented. Check it out.

HOWLING BULL AMERICA : Two Japanese metal bands here for you. The first one is from United. These guys have been around since 1981. Apparently, they have tightened up quite a bit in the last few years, because the last album I have from them, NO IQ ('96) pretty much sucked. The new album DISTORTED VISION is about ten times better. There are points during this CD that really made me sit up and listen. This is good. - Hellchild's, BARESKIN is a follow up to last year's, CIRCULATING CONTRADICTION. I really wanted to like this band, because they are really heavy and even pretty good. There are times when what these guys are playing sounds really cool, but there's something... At times it's as though the vocals and music aren't on the same track. The vocals aren't as distinctive this time around and they come across as just something slapped over the music. Other than that, it's

ENDORAMA. I know some people are stuck in the ENDLESS PAIN / PLEASURE TO KILL era of Kreator, but Mille (vocals/guitar) has been determined for a long time to take this band beyond what they've done in the past. Kreator has been the "extreme" band, and now they will roll with the benefits of experience and maturity from a long career in the music world. The result (ENDORAMA) is a great album. I'll tell you one thing for sure - Mille getting Tommy Vetterli (ex-Coroner) on guitar was the best thing he's ever done for this band. Tommy is one of my all-time favorite guitarists and songwriters. I'm so glad he didn't fade away with the demise of Coroner. I can tell Tommy's genius is helping Mille unlock what he's been trying to express for years now. They nailed it this time. Melody is definitely a large part of ENDORAMA. This is a great album. ENDORAMA also marks the return of original Kreator drummer Jurgen Reil (Ventor).

RELAPSE : Does Dead Horse ride again? I'm not sure if these guys are actually back together, but Relapse is releasing two classics from this band, HORSCORE: AN UNRELATED STORY THAT'S TIME CONSUMING and PEACEFUL DEATH AND PRETTY FLOWERS. This is a great band. I recommend PEACEFUL DEATH... I still have the tape (from 1990?), and have even listened to it on occasion. P.D... is full of good music. What this band lacks in their technical play, they make up with their unique metal approach. The composition of these songs goes deeper than the surface, while still being straight-forward. These guys were ahead of their time as musicians, all the while keeping a sense of humor to the whole thing, never fearing the addition of a few la-la-la's in a chorus or doing covers of songs such as "Rock Lobster". We could all learn a thing or two from Dead Horse.

—Forgach

The Health Center
3220 S. State St.
for venue info call
Michelle @ 463.1101

THURSDAY OCTOBER 21ST



GRINDCORE TAKES OVER THE BACK ALLEY!

150 East 5770 South
261.9703
show starts @ 7:30
a private club for members

\$5.00 at the door

Basik Productions presents



Friday October 22

Tooele County Complex*

\$5.00 / Doors open at 6pm

no alcohol • no restrictions

*** exit 99 to Tooele, right at 4th north, west to County Complex building.
for info call 435.512.5420**

w/ special guests

MELEE

**look for the new
Wicked Innocence
'The Opium Empire'
available soon at**

**the LEAVY METAL SHOP
1238 east
2100 south
467.7071**

SLUG Magazine

page 25

... and not always the opinions of the SLUG staff.

THE DAILY CALENDAR

Tuesday October 5
 Better Than Ezra w/ Sixpence None the Richer and Jeremy Toback- DV8
 Blues Jam- Dead Goat
 Michael Roy- Safari
 B-Side Players- Zephyr
 Jonny Marshall- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Blues Jam- Burt's

Wednesday October 6
 Vinyl- Zephyr
 Honey Pot- Dead Goat
 Linda Perry- Harry O's
 Zapatista Educational Series(7:30pm)- U of U
 Olpin Union Rm 323a
 Roby Kap- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Nebspeak w/ Sweaty Mess- Burt's

Thursday, October 7
 Willie & Lobo- Zephyr
 Curious Bird- Dead Goat
 Alien Crime Syndicate- Wrapsody (Provo, UT)
 Alien Crime Syndicate w/ Magstatic and Quandt- Wrapsody (Provo)
 Da Daddy O's- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Bad Apple w/ Office Party- Ya' Buts
 In effect- Burt's

Friday, October 8
 Dropkick Murphy's w/ Bombshell Rocks and Anti-Flag- Bricks
 Patty Larkin- U of U
 Christian Death w/ Godhead and Mortis- Area 51
 Swing Gorillas- Dead Goat
 Monkey Wrench- O'Shucks
 Alien Crime Syndicate w/ Magstatic and Quandt- Safari
 Trigger Locks- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Swamp Donkeys- Burt's

Saturday, October 9
 Sugarpants w/ Elsewhere- Ya Buts
 Trial w/ Climb, Shogun and Backside Disaster- The New Health Center
 Thirsty Alley- Dead Goat
 Type O Negative- DV8
 The Kamakazaaz w/ The Corleones, Jonny Silver, The Robotics- U of U Union Ballroom
 Magstatic- American Legion Hall (Am. Legion)
 Trigger Locks- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Thunderfist- Burt's

Sunday, October 10
 Tori Amos w/ Jude- E Center
 Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
 Gene Loves Jezebel- Zephyr

Free Pool- Burt's

Monday, October 11
 The Promise Ring w/ Burning Airlines, Lyndal Control, and Pele- DV8 Basement
 Tabula Rasa- Burt's

Tuesday, October 12
 Blues Jam- Dead Goat
 House of Cards- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Blues Jam- Burt's

Wednesday, October 13
 Gamma Rays- Dead Goat
 311-DV8
 Insane Clown Posse- Horticulture Building
 Zapatista Educational Series(7:30pm)- U of U
 Olpin Union Rm 323a
 Roby Kap- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Kill Sadie w/ Cobra- Burt's

Thursday, October 14
 Twisting' Tarantulas- ABC's (Provo)
 Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
 Suzy Bogguss- Zephyr
 Hot Water Music- Brick's
 Too Slim & The Taildraggers- Beatnik's (Ogden)
 Da Daddy O's- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Sourpuss w/ Naked Orphan- Ya' Buts
 Sprague Brothers- Burt's

Friday, October 15
 Jim Brickman- Abravanel Hall
 The Sprague Brothers- Dead Goat
 Warrent- Zephyr
 Left Undone- Oh Shucks
 Zach Parish- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Tempered Steel w/ Ariel- Ya' Buts
 Max Swanky Trio w/ Self Adhesives- Burt's

Saturday, October 16
 Jim Brickman- Abravanel Hall
 Tripple Threat- Dead Goat
 Left Undone- Oh Shucks
 Zach Parish- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Fistfull w/ Red Bennies- Ya' Buts
 Sturgeon General- Burt's

Sunday, October 17
 Ben Harper- Abravanel Hall
 Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
 Free Pool- Burt's

Monday, October 18
 Little Mike and the Tornados- Dead Goat
 Kevorkian Death Cycle w/ Society I- Area 51
 Gov't Mule w/ Jerry Joseph & The

Jackmormons- Zephyr Club
 Xambu Fly- Burt's

Tuesday, October 19
 Agnostic Front w/ New Bomb Turks- DV8
 Widespread Panic- E Center
 Blues Jam- Dead Goat
 Little Mike & The Tornadoes- Beatnik's (Ogden)
 Blues Jam- Burt's

Wednesday, October 20
 Pietasters, Pilfers, Spring Heeled Jack- DV8
 George Winston- Abravanel Hall
 Beefcake- Whittier Comm Center (Logan, Ut.)
 Kim Lenz & Her Jaguars- Dead Goat
 Frantic Flattops- ABG's (Provo)
 Zapatista Educational Series(7:30pm)- U of U
 Olpin Union Rm 323a
 Roby Kap- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Ineffect w/ Maladjusted- Burt's

Thursday, October 21
 Len-DV8
 Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
 Kim Lenz & Her Jaguars- ABG's
 Runaway Truck Ramp- Zephyr Club
 Da Daddy O's- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Self Adhesives- Burt's

Friday, October 22
 Scarlet Runner- Dead Goat
 The Get up Kids- DV8
 The Kamakazaaz w/ The Corleones, Kindertones, Condom Nation- U of U Union Ballroom

Sun House Healers- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Night Train- Ya' Buts
 Sister Shake- Burt's

Saturday, October 23
 Ray Charles- Abravanel Hall
 The Galactix- Dead Goat
 Long Beach Dub Allstars- Fairpark Horticulture
 Sun House Healers- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Mudfly- w/ 7 Grand- Ya' Buts
 In Effect w/ Maladjusted- Burt's

Sunday, October 24
 Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
 Karen Savoca- Ellen Eccles Theatre (Logan)
 Free Pool- Burt's

Monday, October 25
 Long John Hunter- Dead Goat
 GWAR w/ The Misfits- Horticulture Building
 Strangers with Candy- Burt's

Tuesday, October 26
 Karen Savoca- Zephyr

Blues Jam- Dead Goat
 Long John Hunter- Beatnik's (Ogden)
 Blues Jam- Burt's

Wednesday, October 27
 Danny Shafer Band- Dead Goat
 Snapcase, Buried Alive, Kid Dynamite- DV8
 Zapatista Educational Series(7:30pm)- U of U
 Olpin Union Rm 323a
 Roby Kap- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Sugarpants- Burt's

Thursday, October 28
 Backstreet Boys- SLUG Headquarters (B.Y.O.B.)
 Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
 Da Daddy O's- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Forbidden Vegetables- Burt's

Friday, October 29
 Backstreet Boys- In-store appearance @ Salt City CD's
 Scarlet Runner- Dead Goat
 Ether- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Shiv w/ Daughters of the Nile- Ya' Buts
 bidden Vegetables (ex-Supertramp & Zappa members)- Burt's

Saturday, October 30
 Charlie Daniels Band w/ Sisters Wade- Huntsman Center
 The Forbidden Vegetables- Dead Goat
 Moody Blues- E-Center
 Mighty Blue Kings- Liquid Joe's
 Ether- Beatniks (Ogden)
 Wormdrive- Burt's

Helloween
 Royal Crown Revue- Liquid Joe's
 Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
 Gene Loves Jezebel w/ Mission U.K., and Mike Peters of the Alarm- Club Axis

Monday, November 1
 Clan Of Xymox w/ Front Line Assembly- Area 51
 John Prine- Abravanel Hall
 Universal Pit Stop w/ Fumamos- Burt's

Tuesday, November 2
 Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Wednesday, November 3
 Hot Water Music- DV8
 Zapatista Educational Series(7:30pm)- U of U
 Olpin Union Rm 323a

Thursday, November 4
 Stay Home and do your Laundry

KOI PIERCING STUDIO

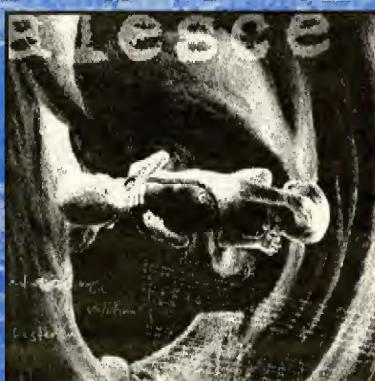
1301 South 900 East 463.7070 M-Sat 12:30-8:30 Sun 1-5:30
www.koipiercing.com

Subterranean Sect



The Dillinger Escape Plan - Calculating Infinity

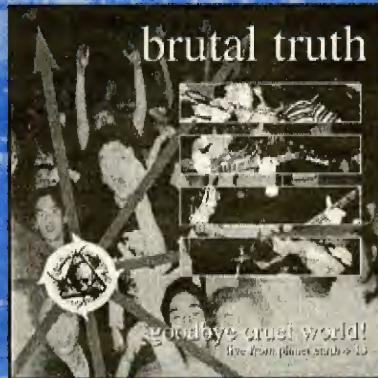
New Jersey's Dillinger Escape Plan unveil "Calculating Infinity", a lethal hybrid of metal and hardcore unlike anything you've ever experienced. A colossal cacophony of soul-searing vocals, pile-driving riffs, unorthodox percussive punishment and scattershot speed. A psycho-overload of adrenaline soaked intensity



Coalesce - 012: Revolution in Just Listening

Coalesce deliver suffocatingly dense, drastic music that purely annihilates. Incredibly raw, psychotic vocals incessantly punish the listener while explosively chaotic guitars and left-of-center rhythms and grooves mesmerize and manifest in the most devastating manner.

BRUTAL TRUTH - GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD
"Goodbye Cruel World" serves as the final testimonial and a most fitting epitaph to the band that redefined the grindcore genre both musically and lyrically.



Therion - The Crowning of Atlantis
New special priced CD featuring three new tracks, three live tracks and three covers of metal classics from the likes of Manowar, Loudness and Accept!



MORTIIS "The Stargate"
Invoking more darkness than any existing black metal band comes MORTIIS, with his debut Earache release, "The Stargate" ... a musical journey into a world existing in a different time and space, neither of this world nor the next. Experience MORTIIS live this Fall, on tour with CHRISTIAN DEATH!

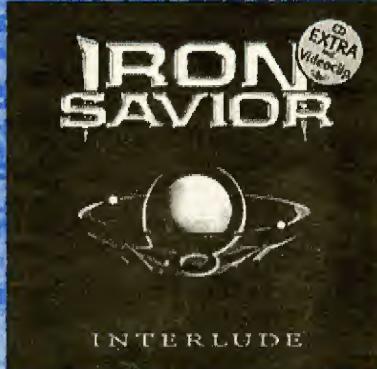


Tiamat - Skeleton Skeleton

Tiamat return with a new album that combines the moody emotion of their last release with the aggressive urgency of Wildhoney to create the band's finest moment.



ATOMIC BITCHWAX
Featuring MONSTER MAGNET's guitarist Ed Mundell, former Godspeed bassist Chris Kosnick and former Slaprocket drummer Keith Ackerman. Acid-laced, blues-based, riff-rock explosion of solid gold jams



Iron Savior - Interlude

Interlude features five songs recorded live at last year's Wacken Open Air festival, 4 new songs, a cover of Judas Priest's Desert Plains and a CDROM with live footage, pictures and more.



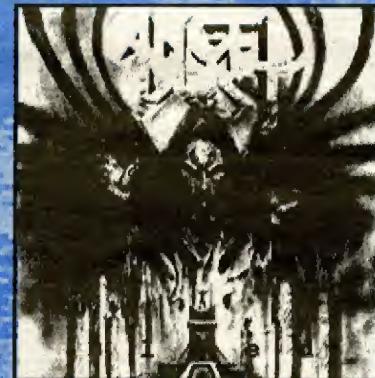
METAL CHURCH - MASTERPIECE

Metal Church is back with their original line-up, responsible for the pivotal records of the trash movement "Metal Church" and "The Dark"! Metal Church now picks up where they left off, crushing false prophets and exalting in the "religion" that is heavy metal. Hallelujah!



MORBID ANGEL - "FORMULAS FATAL TO THE FLESH...WITH "LOVE OF LAVA"

"Love of Lava" opens a unique window into the mind of one of metal's all time great guitarists, Trey Azagthoth, on this extremely limited edition version of "Formulas Fatal to the Flesh". A collection of solos from "Formulas...", "Love of Lava" offers fans the opportunity to experience MORBID ANGEL in its rawest form...so get it while you can!



ANGEL DUST - BLEED

The long awaited domestic release from Germany's heralded melodic power metal stalwarts. U.S. version includes improved graphics and three bonus tracks featuring a rare Rainbow cover.



Primal Fear - Jaws of Death

Eagerly awaited 2nd opus feat. Former and current members of Gamma Ray and Sinner. A true metal record leading us into the new metal millennium!

Available at the HEAVY METAL SHOP

1238 EAST 2100 SOUTH, SLC Ut
801.467.7071 www.heavymetalshop.com

Tiamat and Angel Dust out 10/12.
Atomic Bitchwax playing at the Zephyr Club (a private club for members) on 10/19 with Core & Nebula on the "Riff Rock Railroad Tour".

NOFX

so long and thanks for
NOFX
So Long & Thanks
For The Shoes

